

# TOC H JOURNAL

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## THE QUALITY OF THE TOC H LIFE

*Last month we printed summaries of two talks at the Staff Conference in September, by the REGISTRAR and HUBERT SECRETAN, and hoped that the substance of a third talk, by Padre ARTHUR HOWARD (N.W. Area) might soon be available. Here it is. The present version is considerably shorter than the original talk, which formed the third in a series on "Toc H and the Changing World."*

THE heart of Ian Fraser's talk at the Staff Conference was contained in a quotation that he used: "We must create a group that is the germ of the new order within the old." He followed Hubert Secretan, who, in his amazing description of the world to-day pleaded for a new philosophy of life. These two form my text and, like most padres, I probably shall have very little to say about it.

The answer to issues like these can only be given satisfactorily in life, not in words. At any rate, it ought to be a poem, not a philosophy, a song or story and not an argument. Perhaps if we saw every poem and story as an attempt to portray something of the heart of life, we might be nearer the Kingdom. It is a confession of personal failure and disloyalty on my part when I say that I am sorry that I cannot sing to you. But in so far as it is real to me it comes as colour and song. That is why I don't ask any of you to accept what I am saying as right. All I ask is that you give it a chance in your thinking about what we have heard this week of a groping, uncertain world.

### Helping men to be themselves

Each of us is doing this already—helping people to become their true selves, but none of us is satisfied. Part of the trouble is that we confuse what is only accidental with what is essential. You remember Tubby's story of the man who was converted under a railway arch and who thought thereafter that nobody could be properly converted unless it happened under a railway arch. It strikes us as amusing, but how true is it of us that we have some railway arch or other to which we are trying to drag a man? And perhaps, after all, it is merely a level crossing that he needs.

Of course, we are alive to this issue since we have to do with men of all denominations and of none. But in ordinary circumstances of living it is difficult to judge between what is essential and what is not. When we get tired of facing things for ourselves it seems easier sometimes to fall back on a tradition. But it is of no use to-day. The watchwords and formulations of the past do not, for the most part, kindle the imagination of folk to-day. I remember going back to Oxford after the War and finding old friends and making new ones who had passed the burning experience of the War through their inmost spirit and had returned with a tremendous impulse in their lives to build a better England—men like John Macmurray, R. O. Hall (now Bishop of Hong Kong), Jacks (now Headmaster of Mill Hill School). We had the longing to do something, but how and where?—that was the question. In this quandary we sought advice from Professor David Cairns, of Aberdeen, a man intensely understanding of the spirit of youth. We laid our case before him and his reply was pregnant with meaning for to-day. Sympathising with all that we were feeling, he said that neither he, nor did he think anyone of his generation, could give us the lead that we needed. It must come out of our

life and experience. What the actual lead was we shall come to later. But does this frighten us—setting out thus, apparently unprotected? Let me say two things for our comfort and the confirming of our faith.

#### The Search for Expression

1. The demand for an adequate life is universal. It is part of the privilege of a man to rush to fulfil completely all that is within his heart. This is the meaning of creation on its human side—the search for full expression. It has shown itself in a myriad ways. Every adventure, every philosophy, every poem is a manifestation of it. Even those that have been called “dumb oxen,” the clod-like folk apparently without a spark, have this within them. Behind every form, however different, it is the same striving.

The Old Testament pictures its realisation between God and man. St. Paul saw the way to it as the victory of the spirit over the unseen forces of evil. In *Faust* we see it as the fight between a double man. In *Hamlet* we have a man trying to think his way through, as also in Plato. The popular idea of it is God and the Devil working for a man's Life. In the poets there is a marked preference for considering it as a journey, a voyage, an adventure. The loveliest story of ancient Greece is the account of a man, Ulysses, seeking through ten long years and with many a buffeting and disaster to find his way to his home and throne. And in the end he arrives to find all for which he hoped—the sacredness of his home, a wife inviolate, his lands and people ready to welcome him. And his youth is renewed, strength comes upon him and he appears almost god-like. Something like that is taking place in every man. But it is Jesus who shows most simply and most adequately all that this desire of men is. He describes it as the longing of a child to be at home with its Father and the Peace and Joy of life are to be found in the communion between Father and child.

#### The End of the Search

2. And that brings me to the next thing I want to say. There is an Eternal reality which is the end of men's search. Schiller says “A God is—a Holy Will lives, however the human heart may stagger. And though all creatures groan in a circle of change, yet high above all the weavings of time and of change, and unchanging in the midst of change, there dwells one quiet spirit.” That is what the scientist is feeling after when he says that the world is reasonable, when he expects it to be true to itself. But we say more, that it is Personal. And more still, that God Himself seeks. He is always showing Himself and honest hearts will come together in Him. All our aspiration is a response to Him, called out by Him just as in the physical world the eye that seeks for the light has been brought into being in response to light. That is the answer to those who say that the way of personal judgment and experience will end in chaos. It was the method of Jesus with His friends and its indication is found in the Fellowship at Pentecost. It is worth waiting long, it is worth suffering much to achieve such an end.

What are the ideal conditions for a man to become his true self? Of course, the answer depends on whom you ask. It is my conviction that the best, in the end the only, way is that of Jesus—the way He took—the way He opens up for men. I say that because I believe He has become the object of religious veneration because

He was first of all the subject of a full religious experience. No less striking than His fearless moral independence is His complete religious dependence upon God. But even thus He comes not as a higher law-giver than Moses, but as one with a Gospel. His Gospel is not His words, it is Himself. His words do give us a clue, but it is not in a mere knowledge of these things that the solution lies. It is something which has to be discovered experimentally by each man for himself and all that he needs is life as he finds it, as it presents itself to him with its tasks, interests, calls, associations. But we shall not get very far without the thread, the clue that Jesus gives. It is a double one, but the two make one. First, there is the acceptance of, and the worship of, the great core of life whom Jesus speaks of so intimately as "My Father," and then there is the acceptance of the reverence for men and women. But His way of leading men to see the first is through the second. And in this there are two nerves, so to speak—a man finding himself and finding other people. And yet these two are one also. He started with a group of friends and asked them to open their eyes to see what actually was going on. That has to be done individually. We must see for ourselves. Whether we are in or out depends on whether having eyes we see or not. He threw them back on themselves waiting for the miracle to happen. And it happened. A new stage in their education could then be begun. They were called on to be loyal to what they had seen in the confidence that they would be brought together into a family. It wasn't sufficient for each to be satisfied with an individual loyalty, they must become one in a living way. It was slow. It needed Calvary and Easter Day and even then it has not happened. But fifty days later their selfish desires have ceased. They become a true Fellowship; no proprietary feelings are left, all jealousy is gone and power comes upon them and they are equipped to go out and turn the world upside down—or rather, right side up.

#### Ourselves as Persons

What happened to that little group of men is what is wanting to happen in the life of every man. This is our certainty as we welcome men of every kind into Toc H. It is a process that inevitably begins in everyone as he grows up. The trouble is that we get side-tracked and miss the full wonder and richness and power of life. What is the way of it? It is the learning by each one to love personally, to think of ourselves as persons with all the self-respect that that brings; to think of everyone else as a person and not as an instrument. And isn't that Toc H? That is what is and has been at its very heart all the time. That is the lesson learned from the War. But we don't believe it. We are beginning to mistrust it. We think it needs more than that. Yes, if we are going to accept the normal view of friendship. But if we are ready to offer to one another that comradeship that we realised in 1914-18 we shall win. It didn't matter then who was a man's grandmother. It didn't matter if he had been a naughty boy. We found the eternal in him. When we have that again we shall be creating the conditions whenever a man can be, and will want to be, his true self. We shall create conditions in which he can find God—in which God can find him. Finding God! Is that true? Yes, if we will just part the mere way in which it is shown to us and realise the oneness behind every expression of this creative comradeship. This thing is not me—it is not you—it is you and me and the Spirit of our life together. It is the

Holy Spirit. I find God there in you. And He finds me through you. He calls me in life through the hopes and fears, the aspirations and needs of men. And I respond to Him in life. And I know that this is entry into the kind of experience to which Jesus invites men and women. This is the secret that kings and wise men have sought and, as always, it is revealed to plain men.

#### The Method—The Spirit—The Victory

What is the method of it? Praying. Praying first of all as the discipline of mind and heart to find out what one's life really wants to do and to be, and concentrating on it. Praying then as living in communion with God and therefore inevitably with all those who are sharing this experience. And last, praying as seeking that all life shall become adequate and free. What then does it matter if we meet opposition? In our hearts there is peace even amidst tribulation, there is joy even in want. There can never be loneliness because we are eternally joined with all who have ever lived with this faith in their hearts and who have passed on the light.

What is the spirit of it? Leaders and followers without distinction or precedence. No one wants to claim aught for himself; no one desires to be pre-eminent, knowing that each in time is the vehicle for the expression of the same love and power.

There may be difficulties—the obstacles may appear insurmountable but we can go on. R. L. S. said: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." I would almost say: "It is better to travel hopefully than to stand still." But it isn't hopeless, for everyone that seeks finds. What is the reality of it? Living in God's world as His Children knowing that in all things God is dealing with us in love. Therefore in all things there is light and not darkness. We are not to choose according to some private desire or convenience of our own, but to take life's cup as it comes and drain it without fear. It is a victory over inertia—the thought that "as things have been they remain." Just as the tree is something that grows in the inorganic world and yet is not of it, and as every tree of the forest is a victory over the world, so are we to be in the world of things yet not enslaved by them, using them so that we win the mastery and dwell in the full sunlight of God.

It is the two or three gathered together in the name of the highest that they know, the best that they have seen. The two becoming three and the three four as the witness spreads.

That is what the world is seeking. It is something that is to our very hands. It is, too, the way that Jesus took. Mightn't we give it a real chance?

A. E. H.



## REMEMBRANCE : NOVEMBER 1918-1934

*But each man, man by man, has won imperishable PRAISE, each has won a glorious grave—not that sepulchre of earth wherein they lie, but the living tomb of everlasting REMEMBRANCE wherein their glory is enshrined, remembrance that will live on the lips, that will blossom in the deeds of their countrymen the world over.*

*For the whole EARTH is the SEPULCHRE of HEROES; monuments may rise and tablets be set up to them in their own land, but on far-off shores there is an abiding MEMORIAL that no pen or chisel has traced; it is graven not on stone or brass, but on the living heart of HUMANITY.*

*Take these men for your example. Like them remember that PROSPERITY can be only for the free, that FREEDOM is the sure possession of those alone who have COURAGE to defend it.*

PERICLES IN B.C. 431.

### *At the grave of an Unknown Soldier*

*Ramparts Cemetery, Ypres*

UNKNOWN, they said . . . and so they marked his  
resting place

Unknown . . . amongst a million of the dead.

But the roses know :

Adorn they not his headstone with their beauty?

The birds, singing of life eternal, know;

The wind, the gentle rain, the sun

Sending glad beams unto the sacred earth—they know

And whisper to the ear attuned . . . your brother!

You! who stand before his grave

In sorrow, prayer, or thankful pride

That he should make such sacrifice for you—

Your hands are red,

Your heart is guilty and your prayers

Impotent as the drifting smoke,

If firm resolve starts not within your breast

That wars shall cease,

That bloody slaughter, murder man by man,

Shall pass from this our world

And peace our God would will

Shall stay—so that his soul may rest.

He was your brother!

### *Starlight*

THE silent dead, remote in Towers of Light  
Set, each a star, above his battlefield,  
See hour by hour throughout our earthly night  
Skull-Golgotha's returning pastures yield;  
Then they must know that hourly, too, they sleep  
In vanished heavens, feel their beacons go  
More deeply dug in cold oblivions keep:  
And in their going, still leave this world to woe.  
Shall we be blind; for ever touch our way  
Mortgaged to darkness; never to redeem  
The wisdom lent from fools of yesterday  
And passed to children for a holy beam?  
Oh, Guardian star-lights: now this blindness wake  
And through our bars of shuttered-selfhood break!

F. W. J.

### *To the Elder Brethren*

CAN we be men enough to guard such fame  
As rests for ever on your glorious name?  
Can we be proud enough (not overbold)  
Your names in holy memory to hold?  
Can we be worthy of this silent trust,  
That you so offer from your alien dust?  
Can we be lowly and our prayers increase  
To make your sacrifice the way of peace?  
Can we be strong enough to give and serve,  
Through all our time, for you and never swerve?  
Can we be brave enough to pay a price,  
That might be worthy of your sacrifice?  
Can we serve humbly in our daily place  
So we may look you straightly in the face?  
Shall we say then—"These things have we just won:  
For here, the work you gave us is now done"?  
Sweet Elder Brethren, when at last we meet,  
Will you be glad the younger ones to greet?

C.



## TOC H IN BUSINESS

*This is the story of an experiment still in its early stages—the invasion, from within, of a big business house by Toc H, to the advantage of both. It is here recorded because it may well offer ideas for similar experiments elsewhere. The prime mover in this joyful venture has been BRIAN DICKSON (Thames Valley District; Central Executive).*

UNILEVER HOUSE is one of the great commercial buildings which has helped in post-war years to change the face of London. Occupying the site of the old De Keyser's Hotel, its long curving frontage rises like a cliff as you enter the City from the South over Blackfriars Bridge and forms a noble corner to the great range of buildings on the Victoria Embankment. As the headquarters of the world-wide activities associated with the name of Lever, it houses during business hours 2,750 souls. An almost microscopic proportion of these formed the Toc H team less than two years ago, but already they begin to affect many more than themselves. A precious 'Log Book,' kept by them from the start, and a little magazine, extremely neatly typed by women members of the staff in spare time, provide the modest record of their venture from which the following account is gleaned:—

"It all happened" (says their magazine, *The Acorn*) "through a Toc H badge meeting a Toc H tie on the landing of the first floor. The badge and the tie agreed to look for others, and in a few weeks the Toc H Team reached double figures and invited itself to an 'Inaugural Luncheon.' Other lunches followed, and in discussing the possibility of jobs someone suggested that they 'might give the boys a hand.' They set out in search of them during the lunch-hour and found some of them, not many, sharing a room with the Commissionaires, a few eating their lunch (of the pocket variety), others playing with ha'pennies on a table. This was no great fun for the Old Soldiers or the youngsters. Further enquiry led to the fact that there were 136 boys below eighteen years of age within the building and that 55 of these were below sixteen. The firm readily agreed to the suggestion of a meeting of the boys to discuss the possibility of starting a Lunch-Hour Club. A 'General Meeting' was a bit of a thrill. It suggested dividends as well as votes of thanks to the Staff. The room was packed and ventilation nil. After the adventure had been outlined to them the youngest boy was asked what he thought of the idea and he made the best speech of the meeting with the one word, 'Fine!'"

The foregoing paragraph represents six weeks of careful planning and diligent work. First, the Toc H members had to be discovered in the building; then an invitation was issued to them in the following terms:—

"I have promised Tubby that while he is away in West Africa (as the guest of the firm) we will get together a Toc H Team in Unilever House to welcome him on his return and do his bidding. I would be glad if members and probationers of Toc H in Unilever House would lunch with me at No. 42, Trinity Square, at 1.30 p.m., on Wednesday, January 11, when we can get to know each other and discuss the future."

Seven men, all from different units of Toc H and different departments of the firm, turned up in response to this invitation. They appointed a Secretary and agreed to meet every other Wednesday at the Lunch Club in Trinity Square. Some weeks later their discussions led them to their first job—the attempt to do something in the lunch hour for the boys among their fellow-employees. They then brought representatives of the firm's Boxing and Scout Clubs into their counsels. The next move was to approach the 'Powers that be'—the staff and establishment officer—



who promised to help them in every way possible. They were given the use of a room and of a kitchen on one floor of the building. At the same time, a member of the L.W.H. on the staff found a team of eighteen ladies to run the canteen as 'Nippies'; they have done invaluable service, giving up their own lunch hours to the work. With a committee of management consisting of representatives of the Boxing and Scout Clubs, of the boys themselves and of Toc H, the Unilever Boys' Club was launched at the end of February, 1933. "From that day," says *The Acorn*, "things began to take shape . . . Eighteen months have passed. Our membership has risen to 70. We all have excellent appetites. The canteen does a roaring trade and pays a handsome dividend, all of which goes back into the Club funds. Boys over sixteen subscribe 3d., those under sixteen pay 2d. a week, and out of this regular income the Club Room is already well equipped with ping-pong tables, chess, draughts, dominoes and a good supply of weekly papers, while the same fund subsidises our week-end camps and frames the Club photographs decorating the walls of our Club Room. We are indebted to the Firm for providing a most efficient luncheon-bar, complete with electric urn, sink and cupboards—something really worthy of the 'Nippies' who serve us."

But "running a Boys' Club" does not express the whole aim of Toc H—though too often the stranger is allowed to carry this phrase away as a summary of our *raison d'être*. In Unilever House the Boys' Club is but a natural expression of the spirit which moves a little team of men. From the first the Team looked wider and deeper than a cheap lunch for boys. This emerges clearly in a very early memorandum which is preserved in the 'Log Book' of the Team:—

"1. Our first and greatest opportunity is to put all that is best in Toc H into our own jobs. This is so obvious and so important that it seems unnecessary to enlarge upon it.

"2. Toc H in Unilever House must grow from small beginnings, slowly but surely. The decision to meet at lunch is not only for convenience but because it will offer an opportunity to invite as our guests other members of the firm who may learn to care for Toc H if they see in it something worth while. This vision of Toc H must come through us, and if it is unattractive the fault lies not with Toc H but with ourselves.

"3. Our team must never aim at being a Branch or Group of Toc H. As we find fellows showing an interest in Toc H we must pass them on to the unit nearest to their homes, though at the same time keeping touch with them ourselves. In this way we shall help the units concerned, and by exchanging ideas amongst ourselves we shall also help our own.

"4. With the co-operation of the Staff Controller's Department it might be possible to help office and messenger boys joining the firm early in life . . ." (This has come true: eighteen months later *The Acorn* is able to say:—"We receive from the Staff Controller the name of every boy on his first joining. We hunt him out in this huge building on the day of his arrival, finding him at the age of fourteen rather lonely and bewildered. He is given a few words of welcome and invited to become an honorary member of the Club for a fortnight. During that time he can form his own opinion of it, while the members are asked to treat him as their guest and make him feel at home. We are hoping that most of these boys will join the Club and remain in it for three or four years. During that time they will learn to take a pride in their own Club and in the Firm itself, imbibing something of the team spirit and contributing to the Firm the value of their own personalities. They will begin to realise that, whatever our

position in the Firm may be, we are all members of the same team, and that others will judge the Unilever Boys' Club, not by its Club Room, but by the spirit shown by its members in their own departments throughout Unilever House.")

"5. Later on we might get in touch with Toc H in those towns where Unilever have works (*e.g.* Warrington, Leeds, Bristol, etc.) and through them complete our records of Toc H fellows serving with Unilever. When young members of the staff are transferred from one branch of the firm to another, Toc H could aim at helping them in their new surroundings on the lines adopted by Toc H Overseas' Office." (This principle has since been extended: a later note in the 'Log Book' says:—"A number of 'Coast Probationers' of the United Africa Company (*one of the Unilever companies*) are taking an interest in Toc H and the Unilever Boys' Club, and two of these leave for the West Coast this month. These probationers, spending probably a year in the office here and then going out to Nigeria or the Gold Coast, should form a very valuable link between Toc H here and on the Coast. Our team is arranging to write to them every month.")

"6. After a few months quiet but useful building we might consider an occasional Unilever Guest Night at Tower Hill, to which we could invite, as our guests, Directors and Managers in the firm who, having seen the value of Toc H, might consider lending a hand as Builders or General Members. In this way the existence of Toc H in Unilever House will become known and we shall be judged on our merits. We cannot ask for more than that."

Such was the original programme of the Team. Its members work within the walls of one building but their circle, for all that, is capable of almost indefinite expansion. In a later memorandum in their 'Log Book' they write:—

"Amongst our 'neighbours' we must certainly include the half-dozen newsvendors who spend their very draughty working-day in propping up the wall of Unilever House, and that much larger number of our fellow-men who pass the night on the Embankment, when we have all departed to our comfortable homes. How we can help them best needs careful thought, but it is a good start to remember that we are within the building and they just outside, while the tables might have been so easily reversed if chance had favoured them instead of us.

"One more suggestion. We should get to know the Commissionaires and lift-men better than we do. Theirs must be a dull job, more monotonous even than some of ours. Couldn't we 'do something about it,' perhaps by helping them to start a Lunch Club of their own? A lunch bar and a billiard table might make all the difference to their day, while amongst a fine body of men there must be many who have something worth while to give to the building of Toc H in Unilever House."

The 'Log Book' of this little Team bears witness to a true idea already in parts realised. It is a delightful medley of the grave and gay, a scrap-book of private business and personal reflections, of camps and Guest-nights, of work and play. It opens with the Toc H Prayer and the purpose of that runs through all its pages. One contributor sums the matter up thus: "We are a small team in a very large building. Toc H will help us to realise that there is a higher purpose in life than 'getting on,' or paying dividends, or even making soap and margarine. We are concerned with these things but also with the spirit in which we do them. That spirit must be one of giving, not of getting, of thinking of others rather than of ourselves, striving 'to seek in all things the mind of Christ,' even in Unilever House—or, better still, especially there. For it is there where we spend the main portion of our active lives."

## A PROGRAMME EXPERIMENT

I TRIED it out first on a Rover Crew, but there is no reason why it should not work just as well with a bunch of Toc H members. I asked each of my fellows to write a story. They were dumbfounded and said it could not be done. I pointed out that the story need only be a few words and I was sure they would be able to write something. Here was the big idea.

"You have overheard a snatch of conversation—just one sentence: 'I wouldn't take on a job like that.' Who said those words, and to whom, and in what circumstances?"

The solutions varied considerably. No two were alike. All were interesting and some of them showed considerable ingenuity. Probably any pilot will get just as good a bunch by putting a similar problem to his crew. Here is the Skipper's story:

"I wouldn't take on a job like that"

When I sat down to write this story, I had no intention of drawing on personal experience. But while I was waiting, pen in hand, wondering what to write, there was suddenly conjured up in my mind a picture of a billet in a derelict farmhouse in Méaulte, a few miles south of Albert, on the Somme front in 1915. It was little more than four walls and a roof, and it looked on to a midden heap, but it served us as Company Officers' Quarters.

We had just come back from the line after our first spell of real warfare, and we had had a rough time, about 50 men of the battalion killed, and a number wounded. Our company sector had twice been blown up by mines, and we had been lucky to escape with so light a casualty list. The Second in Command of the Battalion had just looked in on a visit. He had been much impressed by a young officer of the regiment to which we had been attached, who begged his colonel one night to let him go on patrol, crawling on his stomach in No-man's-land. "Stout fellow," said the major. "Fool," said Gussie, a 'second-loot' three days senior to me, "I wouldn't take on a job like that, would you, Ernest?"

"Not unless I had to. I'm not asking for trouble."

"No, nor I," said Gussie.

"Nonsense," said the major, "you'll both be begging to go, as soon as you get used to the line."

But we laughed, for we knew better.

The scene changed in memory to a rocky hill, blasted by shell fire, eighteen months later—and miles away on the Doiran front in Macedonia. Our battalion had attacked the enemy trenches and captured them, and had driven off the enemy's counter-attacks. Then came a terrific bombardment from the heavies and trench mortars, and our men had to withdraw to the sheltered slope of the hill. While lying there, awaiting the next move, it became painfully evident that one of the enemy had crept up to the crest of the hill and was lobbing bombs with deadly accuracy on to our line, causing devilish damage. Not only was he knocking out too many of the boys, but he was demoralising the rest.

That would not do. If they lost confidence, we might as well pack up and go back at once to our own trenches. What was to be done? No further advance was possible, until the whole line was prepared to move. In the meantime, casualties were coming one after another. He must be stopped somehow. No time to ask for volunteers—besides, you can't hand over the dirty work like that.

"Stretcher-bearers!" "There's another! Damn! Sergeant, take over! I must go and finish that devil off!"

"Wouldn't take on a job like that!" Like what? No time for argument. You can't ask what a job is like when it is waiting to be done. You just go and do it.

Rifle and bayonet in hand, Gussie crawled forward on hands and knees, pacifist at heart, but at the moment merely concerned for the safety of his men.

Somebody was threatening them. He couldn't stand that, so out he went. A few minutes later the bombs stopped, and Gussie returned to his post, saying: "That's that!" A grim smile was on his lips, and his bayonet was wet and red.

Soon the line advanced again, and was met with a devastating fire. For a time the lads held on, well down the slope; then they were forced back. On they went again, and once more were forced to withdraw, and in the ding-dong struggle Gussie was wounded, and again wounded, and then yet again. No other officer was left to take over, so he just carried on, until the inevitable happened and he stopped one too many and passed on to the Hall of Memory.

And now? For him no grave, save that of an unknown soldier. No cross in a heroes' cemetery, save that which records hundreds of names of his comrades, all registered as "missing."

For some time, the hill was abandoned, and blown to blazes by the artillery of both sides. Before it was re-occupied, the bodies of the dead had passed beyond recognition.

"I wouldn't take on a job like that." No, not voluntarily, Gussie, but given the need and the opportunity, you rose to the occasion, as we always knew you would.

ERNEST RILEY.

## THE OPEN HUSTINGS

### "The Friendly to the Lonely"

DEAR EDITOR,

Recently it has again fallen to my lot to start life in a new place, and once more the doubt has arisen in my mind whether their duty to a man in this position is sufficiently recognised by Branches and Groups. Spasmodically I have realised the fact in the past, trying to offer a 'home from home' to a few such men, whether connected with Toc H or not. But I had almost forgotten how desperately lonely it is possible for the "chap in digs" to be, nor the dangers of

the situation, which have been brought home to me.

Linking up with the local unit of Toc H should satisfy this acute need for companionship, yet often the fulfilment does not extend beyond the weekly meeting. Now if the phrase "reconciliation between man and man" has a practical translation it stands for 'mateyness,' but even in units whose fellowship is warmest there is a tendency to become a closed circle which does not readily assimilate the newcomer. I am forced to wonder how many opportunities have been lost, and potential members of Toc H estranged in

this way. Men attracted to Toc H by the glamour of fellowship in service have come to realise after a while that though their presence at meetings and participation in jobs was welcome, the unit had little to offer besides.

Whilst not wishing to disparage the mass of useful and sacrificial service being done in the name of Toc H, much of this is parallel to what is being done by persons belonging to other organisations or to no organisation at all. The unique contribution of Toc H to our day is just what we sum up as "neighbourliness." Other bodies, including the churches, no doubt regard this as their sphere: yet I doubt if any movement has in practice such opportunities of carrying out that ideal as come to our varied membership. But even here the job right under our noses is apt to be overlooked in favour of the more organised forms of service.

Giving the newcomer a welcome is not always as simple as it sounds. To the member with family responsibilities, to whom the "job" lends itself most naturally, the expense of entertaining even in a modest way can be an undue burden—but why should it be assumed that the matter is solely the concern of members with homes? Various difficulties arise, of course, but the thing that matters is for members to realise the lot of the "bloke in digs" and they will solve them in their own way.

Yours sincerely,

BACK BENCHER.

Cheshire.

### "Blokcs" in Toc H

DEAR EDITOR,

Your correspondent, Dr. Tanner, on the subject of 'Blokcs' must, I think, have been reading the thoughts of many of us interested in Toc H. I can find no definition in the dictionary of 'Bloke,' and the word does not appeal to me as a sincere and friendly expression of goodwill and is foreign to one's own vocabulary. Why therefore, introduce

it in a movement like Toc H? We are content to call ourselves and neighbours 'Friends' and 'Fellows.'

Yours sincerely,

Perranporth.

E. TREVOR ROBINSON.

DEAR EDITOR,

Sing a song of Blokage,  
Blokage rough and strong,  
Marching out of Wipers  
When the world was going wrong.

Sing a song of 'Toc H 'Bloques'  
Gathered round a Flame—  
Now a set of 'Fellahs'  
Who try to do the same.

Sing it very sweetly, sing it very low,  
Lest "Old Bill" should mutter,  
"Good Gawd! what is this show?"

London.

OLD SWEAT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is worth noting that the use of the words 'Bloke' and 'Blokage' in Toc H has a very definite origin. ARCHIE TURNER, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was killed in the ranks in 1916. Before his death he wrote a small pamphlet on "A proposed Club for the Promotion of True Hilarity," which in many ways was a foreseeing of Toc H. This was published in the special Toc H number of The Challenge weekly on June 21, 1922; republished in the JOURNAL of August, 1924; republished again as recently as the JOURNAL of November, 1933. The preface to his pamphlet was written in the quaint style he was wont to use in conversation. It contains such sentences as:—"It's extraordinary how all the business (i.e., war-time) makes one realise the value of blokcs. To think of things is mouldier and mouldier but to think of blokcs is continually reviving . . . If there could only get an idea about that it would be a good thing to be poor in things and excel in blokage!" This has often been quoted, especially in early days of Toc H, and is the undoubted origin of the words in our vocabulary. Especially in some places overseas the words are normally used now by Toc H members.*

## MULTUM IN PARVO

☛ Very many members, especially in the Southern Area, will be sorry that Padre 'BILL' EVANS is leaving us at the end of the year. The good wishes of all will go with him in his new work as Chaplain-Superintendent, Merseyside Mission to Seamen.

☛ LESLIE WOOD has been transferred to the South Eastern Area as *Assistant Area Secretary*, in view of the forthcoming division, from January 1, of the Area into the Kent and the Surrey-and-Sussex Areas. F. WYATT JOYCE has joined the staff as *Assistant Editorial Secretary*.

☛ DICK THOMAS, from the Accounts Department, is acting temporarily as *Secretary, Western Area*.

☛ Heartiest congratulations to Padre 'BOBS' FORD on his engagement to Miss EVE WELCHMAN.

☛ Padre HERBERT LEGGATE, who will be returning from New Zealand in the early Spring, is to be Padre of the *Kent and Surrey-Sussex Areas*, from about the beginning of March. Padre GILBERT WILLIAMS will then, without 'moving house,' become Padre of *Southern London*.

☛ REX CALKIN and 'GREENO' are expected back from Australia about the end of January. A few weeks later ALAN COWLING (East Midlands Area Secretary) will be leaving for Adelaide, South Australia, to act as *Secretary of the new Australian Executive* (see page 430). The new Executive, which will be the link between the six Australian Areas and the rest of Toc H, asked for the help of a member of our staff to continue the work of 'Regron,' our Australian team. The generosity of one of our members has enabled us to send Alan.

☛ TUBBY's great success in raising money for *Toc H Southern Africa* has made it possible—as is plainly necessary—to consider an increase of the whole-time staff. MICHAEL WESTROPP has been selected as GEOFFREY MARTIN's successor at the Southern African

H.Q. at Johannesburg, and will be sailing early in the Spring. R. P. T. ANDERSON, lately Hon. Secretary, Transvaal, has been appointed whole-time *Transvaal Area Secretary*, and arrives in England on November 5 to spend three months seeing Toc H at home before starting on his new work. Other appointments are being considered, but none of these are likely to affect the Area staff at home. Nor will assistance from "central funds" be required.

☛ We hope to have GEOFFREY MARTIN home again in August next year at latest. It is proposed then to send a lay member of the staff to *New Zealand* to continue Padre Leggate's work. Funds for this also have been provided by a generous member.

☛ CUSACK WALTON's new work for the C.M.S. is taking him back to India for a short time: he sails on November 29 and is to return in March. Meanwhile, the *Leprosy Campaign* continues. A. J. WHEELER has been appointed as whole-time Secretary by the Joint Committee representing Toc H and B.E.L.R.A. GERALD STONEHAM has volunteered to carry on at 47, Francis Street, the work of spreading information in Toc H about the campaign, in place of HARRY WITHEY, who has gone to Bishop's College, Cheshunt.

☛ GEORGE FOSTER, Vicar of Box, Wilts., has been appointed an *Hon. Association Padre*.

☛ Squadron Leader GORDON, Hon. Commissioner for the R.A.F., is now working with Ronald Grant at the Wallingford Colony, Turner's Court, Benson, Oxon.

☛ Congratulations to the following new Branches:—*Eastern London*—DAGENHAM; *East Midlands*—BRIGG, CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD, LONG EATON, MARK EATON, NEW ENGLAND, SPALDING; *India and Burma*—PESHAWAR; *Northern London*—CROUCH END, GRANGE PARK, TOTTENHAM; *Southern Area*—ANDOVER, HIGH WYCOMBE, MARLOW, NEWBURY, OLD PORTSMOUTH; *Western London*—EAST MOLESEY; *West Midlands*—SOLIHULL.

## KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE

*Our newspapers at home recently have contained a good deal about the Fairbridge Farm School scheme in Australia. RONNIE WRAITH, who has come in touch with the work on the spot, contributes the following article from Australia.*

"Kingsley Fairbridge was a man whose unquestioning, selfless devotion to an idea lifted him entirely above the common run, one of those 'warriors of the sighting brain' whose lives are a song and star to lead their generation."—THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, P.C.

ONE day last January, whilst standing about the platform at Waterloo, waiting for the Boat Train to take us to Southampton, and trying to reconcile myself to the appearance of my future fellow passengers, I saw for the first time in my life the name Fairbridge. It appeared upon some packing cases, labelled 'Fairbridge Farm School, Pinjarra, Western Australia, Via Fremantle'; attached to this baggage were a score of emigrant children. During the next four weeks we saw these children daily; indeed they obtruded themselves on the attention, for our modest 14,000 tonner was insufficient both for their needs and ours. Technically the Boat Deck was forbidden ground, but by the time Malta had slipped astern they had won the entire vessel. At Port Said, being green and inexperienced, we bought them enormous quantities of Turkish Delight, an enterprise frowned upon by the wiseacres, who prophesied childish agonies, if not a slow and painful death. The subsequent successful consumption of this luxury was perhaps sufficient guarantee that the constitution of these future Empire builders was equal to the hardships of a pioneering life. Later still, sometime in March, I found myself in the Chaplain's study on the Farm School itself, and from his shelves I took down a book—*The Autobiography of Kingsley Fairbridge*—which has since travelled round with me to Northern Queensland, a silent reminder of the universal frailty of human nature where the borrowing of books is concerned. Some day I mean to return it to him, but it will be a wrench, for his story captured me completely; this book, the company of the emigrant children on the boat, and the glimpse I had of the Farm School at Pinjarra established him firmly among my private gallery of heroes. I longed for him to grace the pages of the JOURNAL, alongside some account, which I am not qualified to write, of the sanest emigration scheme in existence. My acquaintance with the experts on the subject was limited to a lady who had been one of the guardian angels of the children on the voyage out, but when I asked her recently to write what I wanted, her horrified refusal left me with the sole alternative of doing the job myself.

### Splendid Childhood

Kingsley Fairbridge was South African born. His early days, as told in his autobiography, are chiefly remarkable as a dazzling contrast to one's own childhood. As a little boy of 12 he would roam free and single-handed over the half-explored territory of Mashonaland, with a gun, a dog, sometimes a native boy; roaming for roaming's sake, or, as more often happened, going out ahead of his father, a Government Surveyor, building survey beacons and preparing his ground. He rubbed shoulders in these days with the first pioneers, the bridge builders, railway builders, Empire builders of the high veld. He would walk 60 miles as a matter of course.



At the age of 15 he went north from Umtali (his home, so far as he had a home) to Salisbury with a party of gold seekers, later left them and made his own way with a few boys through unexplored wastes, shewn on the survey map as "Elephants and Thick Bush," right through to the Zambesi River, a journey then achieved by very few white men. In a matter-of-fact way he tells his adventures, which really bear comparison with those recently popular among highly equipped and heavily financed cinematograph expeditions, with one eye on big game and one eye on the box office receipts. A curious childhood—the Boy Scout's dream!

He tells this part of his story in an odd staccato style, vivid and interesting, and graced here and there with passages of singular beauty. I was enthusiastic over this:—

"A lad of thirteen, dressed in knickers and shirt sleeves, I walked on the outskirts of the Empire, where the shouting of men, the ring of hammers on stone, and the thud of picks in the baked earth were always in my ears. I saw the dust blow from the rising embankments, and the rocks rent asunder in the cuttings. Fig and thorn and kafir-orange vanished before the axes; villages of grass and canvas sprang to life amidst the virgin veld. Men sang along the flanks of the mountains, within whose caves the forgotten Bushman had painted his gallery of beast and tree and battle. The little streams did not know themselves; perspiring bodies gloried in their crystal clearness, where, perchance, men had never washed before. The long brown grass yielded her crop of thatch. The stone faces of the sleepy kopjes were rent with dynamite, that the bridges of the British people might be established in security. The wild bees were pestered with a score of thieves. The baboons shouted at the intruders; the horned game fled westward to the Sabi."

As a very small boy, struggling home from one of his expeditions, alone, starving, miserable from heat and thirst, the vision came to him of that rich but unpeopled land dotted with farms and homesteads; a vision that was to become the mainspring of his life; a vision which grew to steadfast resolve with his first glimpse of a London slum; which found expression in the University of Oxford; which took shape in the founding of the Child Emigration Society; which endures now in the solid, prosperous buildings of the Pinjarra farm. But the story is leaping ahead of itself.

#### The Complete Undergraduate

As the years go by we see Fairbridge as a bank clerk in Umtali, which did not fit him very well. Later as a market gardener. Eventually, with his flair for the unexpected and the seemingly impossible, as a Rhodes Scholar. (Early in the book is a delightful glimpse of Cecil Rhodes, who once visited his father. Of all the Rhodes Scholars of his year, Fairbridge was the only one who had ever seen him in the flesh). After a ludicrous number of attempts to get through 'Smalls,' in which his upbringing did not help him, he found himself at last in Exeter College, with two firm resolves—first to get his Blue for Boxing, in which undertaking he ran neck and neck with, but finally defeated, none other than Julian Grenfell; second to voice to the receptive ear of Oxford his dream of Child Emigration. But this did not mean that he was in any way fanatical, or absorbed in his private dreams to the exclusion of wider interests. Witness this:—

"The Oxford life, to anyone who truly lives it, leaves no room for regrets. I found myself completely absorbed by the spirit of the place. I trained vigorously; as long



THE RHODES SCHOLAR IN THE BUSH.  
Kingsley Fairbridge (1885-1924).



*Above:* A 'FAMILY' AT EARL HAIG COTTAGE.  
*Below:* FAIRBRIDGE COLONISTS AT WORK.

as there was a game to play I played it. I was a member of several wine clubs, debating societies, and nondescript but pleasing associations like the 'Paralytics.' I entertained a little and was entertained a great deal. I shirked but few card parties, though I neglected roulette and the turf. Before I left Oxford I was on speaking and dining acquaintance with perhaps as many men as any man in the University."

A strange achievement, this mere paragraph, for the uncivilised youngster of the Rhodesian veld!

A speech to the Colonial Club gave him his eventual opportunity for self-expression. He painted a picture for them—a picture of the manless lands of the Empire—the landless men of Britain. He concentrated his attention on the 60,000 'dependent' children of England, orphans and homeless, brought up in institutions, put into small jobs at 12 to 14, for which they became too old at 18. He pleaded for the establishment of Farm Schools throughout the Empire. He spoke of an offer already made to him by the Premier of Newfoundland of a grant of 50,000 acres. The speech was a success. That night, in the old Japanese Cafe in the High, the Child Emigration Society was born.

#### The Dream comes true

And there, unexpectedly, disappointingly, his book stops short. It is left to the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, in an epilogue, to complete the tale. Briefly the tale is this:— The scene of the first experiment was not to be his native Rhodesia, as he had longed, nor yet Newfoundland, for in March, 1912, he sailed with his wife in a crowded emigrant ship for Albany, Western Australia, and eventually found a small farm (not the present one) near Pinjarra. It was unsuitable, and half derelict, but it was the only port in the storm. It was entirely primitive and in a state of neglect, and Fairbridge and his wife had to work with their own hands to make it even barely possible for the first batch of 12 boys to be received. In June, 1913, a second party of 22 arrived. Every kind of pioneering hardship was met, and in addition the most elementary kind of education was a never ceasing problem. The War practically wrecked the slender finances of the scheme, but with the help of the Perth Committee and the State Government it just held on. Had Fairbridge himself gone to the War it would have been wrecked completely, but he was rejected on account of the malaria which dogged him throughout his life—

"... the great Grey Thief, malaria. Wander as I will, turn and double in my tracks as I may, he has gone ever with me. When I have nothing to do, he, too, does nothing. But in times of stress and endeavour he winds his mighty arms about me and drags me down. So that all through my life I have had, as it were, to fight each battle twice."

After the War, Fairbridge made two trips to England. The first resulted in his bringing back a sum of £27,000, and the removal of the site to a more suitable farm of 3,200 acres. But in spite of easier financial problems every imaginable difficulty had still to be met at every turn, and it was not until his return from his second trip Home, in January, 1923, that at long last he found himself comfortably bestowed in a well-built house of his own with his wife and four children, after years of discomfort and homelessness, with the Farm School around him shaping

like something solid. At this stage in his life a serious illness came upon him. By the grimmest irony of fate an examination in Perth showed that he must die, and on July 19th, 1924, when the first tiny rewards of his life work were being given to him, he passed away.

#### The Farm School to-day

To-day there are over 200 children at the Farm School; 40 substantial buildings; over £33,000 expended on capital account and some £35,000 on maintenance. This achievement in itself is no more than a drop in the ocean of the problem of overseas settlement; moreover, the method is expensive. And yet the principle for which Fairbridge stood—the combination of Child Rescue with Immigration—is a significant one. Thousands of town-bred adults have broken their hearts on the Australian bush since the War, to become disillusioned, disheartened and deadly homesick; for the bush does not deal kindly with those who have not been trained to understand it. The Fairbridge scheme deals with children who are not yet formed and set in their ideas; their homesickness is over and done with in a few short months; their subsequent farm training turns them out useful and self-reliant, natural citizens of Australia, with a good prospect of wellbeing. No difficulty has been met in finding them employment, and a very high percentage have been more than ordinarily successful. The State of Western Australia is behind the scheme whole-heartedly, and a strong Committee in Perth oils the wheels.

\* \* \* \*

To-day Toc H makes a tiny contribution, as I was privileged to see one week-end. I was invited by a Branch in Perth to go with them on one of their regular visits—visits which they make in an attempt to give the young immigrants a touch of the 'older brother' kind of friendship, an influence perhaps lacking in the routine life of the boys. Toc H in Western Australia has achieved originality in their method of dealing with boys; they have evolved a thing which is not quite a Boys' Club, not quite a Scout Troop, not quite a junior Toc H—yet with a touch of all three. They call them 'Corn Tars,' a name derived from Jackie Cornwall, and they have them at work in the Farm School at Pinjarra.

My own impressions of the Farm were of space, sunshine and general well-being; happiness among the children was universal, though some of our late fellow-passengers were still pining for streets, lamp posts, cinemas and crowds! We were welcomed in a building—the Guest House—which will stand as a permanent memorial to Kingsley Fairbridge if only because of its indefinable South African atmosphere, which I sensed at once, though I knew nothing of South Africa, and nothing of the founder's South African origin. It was a building altogether refreshing and attractive, with trellised vines and a prodigality of grapes. I could have gazed for hours also at a superb chapel, the work of Sir Ernest Baker. Another building, less fortunate in style, was in use as an Old Boys' Club. The children themselves were housed in attractively-built, two-storeyed wooden cottages, each under the care of a "cottage mother"; I shall always remember the refreshing effect of the pleasant wooden roofing tiles, after my sensibilities had been outraged for weeks by the universal, the hideous, corrugated iron of Australian dwelling places.

I was not at that time a reporter seeking impressions, and so took in less detail than I might have done; I have hazy recollections somewhere of horses, cattle, land under cultivation, apparatus for the teaching of scientific farming. But my most vivid memory is one of Bread. There in the farm bakehouse I saw more bread than I have ever seen in my life. I was told that it was a day's supply, but to me it seemed stupendous, a baker's paradise. I stared for some time at it, until the really significant thing about it slowly dawned upon me, the fact which altogether lifted it from the level of mere vulgar loaves. The fact, to wit, that it was produced from beginning to end by small children; children who, in their native Shoreditch, Sunderland or Liverpool would, during its manufacture, have been merely in the way, and would have sought to pass the time in overcrowded streets.

\* \* \* \*

However, it was a man that I set out to praise, and not a scheme—a woman too, for Mrs. Fairbridge was the companion of all his undertakings. Fairbridge was of the spirit of Gilbert Talbot, Donald Hankey, Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell—men who lived gloriously and died young in a world which never saw their full maturity, but sensed their power and poise and grace.

R. E. W.

## HAPPY MAN: A FABLE

*An instructive little piece, 'lifted' from the programme of the N.W. Area Rally (see p. 423).*

THERE lived, in the days of the aeroplane and the telephone, a young man who desired happiness above all else. His sire, a pork-butcher and an elder of the church, played upon the harmonium in his parlour and was wont to declare that it behoved not a young man to be happy, but rather to be good. But the young man's uncle bade him be happy, if indeed he could, for, said the uncle, "nought else was good." The young man, thinking that his uncle's advice had the sweeter flavour, began with all his might to seek after happiness. He abjured stiff collars, early rising, milk-puddings and all labour; for the uncle, who was rich, relieved him of all such irksome necessities.

Soon the young man knew the movie-stars as the astrologers know the stars of the firmament, and clothed the walls of his chamber with doctored pictures of doctored daintiness. No less perfectly he conned the nine hundred and ninety-nine different records established on turf and track, on sand and sea, and when any records were smashed, he could declare without book who had smashed them and all the times and places, besides any bloody accidents by the way. Nay, did he not also at midnight on board a pleasure-steamer, transform the "Londonderry Air" and six of his father's hymns into waltzes and fox-trots?

One day, in the act of purchasing the 6.30 edition of the "*Evening Anæsthetic*," he came to himself on a sudden and cried "Behold me! I am but as a used ice-cream carton at the sea's edge and as a fly on the windscreen of a racing car, and there is nought that I can accomplish." And he felt exceedingly small and silly and was sore afraid so that the "*Evening Anæsthetic*" slipped from his fingers and flew like a hen into a puddle. Then he hastened to his uncle and "Uncle," he said,



"I am as an ice-cream carton on the sea's edge and as a fly stuck on a windscreen, and behold, there is nought that I can accomplish." And his uncle said "What wouldst thou accomplish?" And the young man answered "I know not; I only know that being free I am not free, and that having choice I lack the power to choose. In thought and deed I am but the shadow of what sporting editors and people pretend to be." And his uncle said "We'll soon put that right" and straightway bound the young man with a chain to a chair and a desk, where he wrote till his wrist ached and the chain and the chair and the work and the care made him pale and sick. And the blains upon his skin were as the Archipelago in the Aegean Sea.

After seven years the chain was loosened and the young man, who was then earning £50 a month, acquired a residence in Primrose Way and, whilst still passing his days at the desk, recreated himself during the night season with Contract Bridge until the dawn crept through the slits of the curtains. And he was accounted an exceeding pleasant host. One evening when plying his acquaintance with sherry and "Horse's Necks," he came to himself on a sudden for the second time and saw the faces of his guests as the faces of cows. And he knew that as their faces were, so was his own face and that the cheerio stamped thereon was a lie. Again he was sore afraid and, leaving his guests, hastened to his uncle and said, "Uncle, the cheerio on my face signifies nothing and it is all a lie. I am not as real as a cow is, for at least when a cow loweth she lieth not, and, having seen nothing funny, she grineth not." And his uncle said "What is real?" "I know not," said the young man, "I only know that you have enabled me to accomplish, but my accomplishment is no more than a big balloon which concealeth the heavens until it be pricked with a hat-pin, and then is trodden underfoot on the floor of a charabanc." And the uncle said, "I will show you what is worth accomplishing: come, follow me." And he led the young man out into the night. They visited a literary coterie, a night-club, a debating society, a male-voice choir, a political meeting and an art school. At each place the people said "Stay with us, for we alone know what to accomplish, and here you will be as happy as any man can expect to be." But the young man saw that for the most part they were but as trams that move indeed but know not whither nor wherefore they move. And he hid his face from them and moaned.

At length they climbed up a ladder to a loft where the floor was uneven. And there the young man saw the postman and the milkman and a lawyer and a baronet and a vendor of laces, together with a dozen others among whom was his own office-boy. They were hatching a plot to come by books for sick folk in the hospital, and finding therein much cause for mirth. The office-boy, pointing to a vacant chair, told the young man that he would be permitted to sit thereon if he would first engage to scrounge books from all the residences in Primrose Way and convey them thither in his motor-car. And the young man gasped and gulped and looked at his uncle. And his uncle grinned. And the young man grinned and kicked the office-boy and promised to do as he was bidden. And when it was closing time they could not persuade him to go home. And thereafter the ladder and the loft where the floor was uneven became very well-known to the young man. And he was happy there and became a member of Toc H.

ALMOST AESOP.

## FULL CIRCLE

*It is a good rule of high-class periodicals (among which we reckon, of course, this JOURNAL) not to accept any contribution unless it is accompanied by the name and address—not necessarily for publication—of its author. The following contribution reached the Editor a little while ago pinned to a 'covering letter' of seventeen typewritten words all told: no address and the signature 'JIM.' It is so authentic a fragment of autobiography, carrying its 'bona fide' on the face of it, that it is printed here. The experience it relates probably has its parallel in the lives of some other members.*

THIS is the story of Jim, a man whom Toc H found at the age of 25 and who, at 30, is slowly finding Toc H. In common with thousands of others, Jim left a Secondary School at the age of 15 to take his place in industry. His 'bent' was Chemical Engineering and as a laboratory assistant in a works he faced the ladder of ambition and began to climb. Religion had ever been a vital factor in Jim's young life, some folks even contending that he was cut out for a Parson. Brought up in a Nonconformist home, attending church every Sunday morning and evening, and Sunday School in the afternoon, he nevertheless developed the usual 'bump of curiosity' common to students of chemistry and was ever seeking the why's and wherefores, not only at the laboratory bench but in his own actions and thoughts and religious lessons. Soon, even the dogmatism of the pulpit became no exception to Jim's questioning mind and often he found himself disagreeing with certain tenets as propounded by the preacher, an able and eloquent speaker. Sunday afternoons in class became a time for discussing the morning sermon until one Sunday, following a sermon on "Love," with a parallel taken from the trenches (it was during the war), Jim's questioning proved too much for the teacher, a simple-minded, God-fearing soul, who reported Jim to the Minister. Expecting encouragement in his seeking after knowledge, Jim was bitterly disappointed when the Minister denounced him as a blasphemer. Slowly it dawned upon Jim that this was but a feeble attempt to cover his, the Parson's, own ignorance. Doubt followed doubt until Jim was in a sea of bewilderment.

Back at work Jim was in constant touch with a man who called himself an 'atheist,'—a man as unlike Jim's preconceived idea of an atheist as it was possible to be; a more well-mannered, kindly-dispositioned man it was hard to find; a learned man and well read; a man who gave everyone a square deal, who sympathised with Jim's bewilderment and gently led him to paths of clearer and more reasoned understanding. They became firm friends and many were the arguments held on religious topics. Jim read with avidity such literature as *Some Mistakes of Moses*, *Bible Contradictions*, *Toldoth Jeshu*, *The Age of Reason*, etc., but it was by no precipitate action that he discarded his religion. From the time he was seventeen until he was about twenty-two he still considered himself a "believer," though an "open-minded" one. Finally he threw the whole lot overboard and emerged into what seemed clear daylight. "There is no God," he reasoned, "There cannot be. It is all too absurd, too inconceivable." For the next few years Jim worried little about religion. "We are here," he would say when questioned, "and that's all we know. Let's make the most of our time and work to leave this poor old world a little better for our short sojourn." He found relief in Omar's philosophy, but



"I am as an ice-cream carton on the sea's edge and as a fly stuck on a windscreen, and behold, there is nought that I can accomplish." And his uncle said "What wouldst thou accomplish?" And the young man answered "I know not; I only know that being free I am not free, and that having choice I lack the power to choose. In thought and deed I am but the shadow of what sporting editors and people pretend to be." And his uncle said "We'll soon put that right" and straightway bound the young man with a chain to a chair and a desk, where he wrote till his wrist ached and the chain and the chair and the work and the care made him pale and sick. And the blains upon his skin were as the Archipelago in the Aegean Sea.

After seven years the chain was loosened and the young man, who was then earning £50 a month, acquired a residence in Primrose Way and, whilst still passing his days at the desk, recreated himself during the night season with Contract Bridge until the dawn crept through the slits of the curtains. And he was accounted an exceeding pleasant host. One evening when plying his acquaintance with sherry and "Horse's Necks," he came to himself on a sudden for the second time and saw the faces of his guests as the faces of cows. And he knew that as their faces were, so was his own face and that the cheerio stamped thereon was a lie. Again he was sore afraid and, leaving his guests, hastened to his uncle and said, "Uncle, the cheerio on my face signifies nothing and it is all a lie. I am not as real as a cow is, for at least when a cow loweth she lieth not, and, having seen nothing funny, she grineth not." And his uncle said "What is real?" "I know not," said the young man, "I only know that you have enabled me to accomplish, but my accomplishment is no more than a big balloon which concealeth the heavens until it be pricked with a hat-pin, and then is trodden underfoot on the floor of a charabanc." And the uncle said, "I will show you what is worth accomplishing: come, follow me." And he led the young man out into the night. They visited a literary coterie, a night-club, a debating society, a male-voice choir, a political meeting and an art school. At each place the people said "Stay with us, for we alone know what to accomplish, and here you will be as happy as any man can expect to be." But the young man saw that for the most part they were but as trams that move indeed but know not whither nor wherefore they move. And he hid his face from them and moaned.

At length they climbed up a ladder to a loft where the floor was uneven. And there the young man saw the postman and the milkman and a lawyer and a baronet and a vendor of laces, together with a dozen others among whom was his own office-boy. They were hatching a plot to come by books for sick folk in the hospital, and finding therein much cause for mirth. The office-boy, pointing to a vacant chair, told the young man that he would be permitted to sit thereon if he would first engage to scrounge books from all the residences in Primrose Way and convey them thither in his motor-car. And the young man gasped and gulped and looked at his uncle. And his uncle grinned. And the young man grinned and kicked the office-boy and promised to do as he was bidden. And when it was closing time they could not persuade him to go home. And thereafter the ladder and the loft where the floor was uneven became very well-known to the young man. And he was happy there and became a member of Toc H.

ALMOST AESOP.

## FULL CIRCLE

*It is a good rule of high-class periodicals (among which we reckon, of course, this JOURNAL) not to accept any contribution unless it is accompanied by the name and address—not necessarily for publication—of its author. The following contribution reached the Editor a little while ago pinned to a 'covering letter' of seventeen typewritten words all told: no address and the signature 'JIM.' It is so authentic a fragment of autobiography, carrying its 'bona fide' on the face of it, that it is printed here. The experience it relates probably has its parallel in the lives of some other members.*

THIS is the story of Jim, a man whom Toc H found at the age of 25 and who, at 30, is slowly finding Toc H. In common with thousands of others, Jim left a Secondary School at the age of 15 to take his place in industry. His 'bent' was Chemical Engineering and as a laboratory assistant in a works he faced the ladder of ambition and began to climb. Religion had ever been a vital factor in Jim's young life, some folks even contending that he was cut out for a Parson. Brought up in a Nonconformist home, attending church every Sunday morning and evening, and Sunday School in the afternoon, he nevertheless developed the usual 'bump of curiosity' common to students of chemistry and was ever seeking the why's and wherefores, not only at the laboratory bench but in his own actions and thoughts and religious lessons. Soon, even the dogmatism of the pulpit became no exception to Jim's questioning mind and often he found himself disagreeing with certain tenets as propounded by the preacher, an able and eloquent speaker. Sunday afternoons in class became a time for discussing the morning sermon until one Sunday, following a sermon on "Love," with a parallel taken from the trenches (it was during the war), Jim's questioning proved too much for the teacher, a simple-minded, God-fearing soul, who reported Jim to the Minister. Expecting encouragement in his seeking after knowledge, Jim was bitterly disappointed when the Minister denounced him as a blasphemer. Slowly it dawned upon Jim that this was but a feeble attempt to cover his, the Parson's, own ignorance. Doubt followed doubt until Jim was in a sea of bewilderment.

Back at work Jim was in constant touch with a man who called himself an 'atheist,'—a man as unlike Jim's preconceived idea of an atheist as it was possible to be; a more well-mannered, kindly-dispositioned man it was hard to find; a learned man and well read; a man who gave everyone a square deal, who sympathised with Jim's bewilderment and gently led him to paths of clearer and more reasoned understanding. They became firm friends and many were the arguments held on religious topics. Jim read with avidity such literature as *Some Mistakes of Moses*, *Bible Contradictions*, *Toldoth Jeshu*, *The Age of Reason*, etc., but it was by no precipitate action that he discarded his religion. From the time he was seventeen until he was about twenty-two he still considered himself a "believer," though an "open-minded" one. Finally he threw the whole lot overboard and emerged into what seemed clear daylight. "There is no God," he reasoned, "There cannot be. It is all too absurd, too inconceivable." For the next few years Jim worried little about religion. "We are here," he would say when questioned, "and that's all we know. Let's make the most of our time and work to leave this poor old world a little better for our short sojourn." He found relief in Omar's philosophy, but



he looked upon Christ as a greater philosopher and endeavoured to mould his life on the principles laid down by Christ. But to accept Christ as God, or to pray—this he found to be a sheer impossibility. And then Toc H found Jim.

Once the Padre spoke on Toc H being the means of bringing men back to the Church. To Jim this was all rubbish. He agreed that some members who had become but loosely attached to their Church would, through a new realisation of duty, findeth their way back—but as for the real ‘thinker,’ the agnostic—No! Toc H could but strengthen such men’s point of view and make the Church all the poorer by comparison. Jim agreed with Toc H as ‘Everyman’s Club’; with Toc H as a ‘religion’ for the ‘nothingarian’—for, after all, wasn’t Toc H “a life to be lived”? He agreed also with Toc H as an embodiment of the teachings of Christ the Philosopher, for to Jim Christ’s was the only ‘practical’ philosophy he knew. But he couldn’t go a step beyond that. He never tried to argue in a Toc H meeting on religion, for he felt in all seriousness that the case he could put forward was so unassailable, so unanswerable, that it may cause the setting up of doubts in the minds of other chaps who were perfectly happy in their present attitude and he realised that they had as much right to their point of view as he had to his.

So, eschewing religion as a topic for conversation, how could he conscientiously subscribe to the ‘Main Resolution’ when the time came for his admittance to Membership? He paraphrased it to himself something like this:—

“*Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House*” (Remembering how the Old House was used for good) “*to bring home to the minds of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the Eternal realities*” (showing how the march of time, the beauty of nature, truth and the development of knowledge all go on) “*and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon earth*” (if ‘setting up his Kingdom upon earth’ means striving to make a better world, who wouldn’t agree to do his utmost towards it?), “*We pledge ourselves now and always to listen to the Voice of God*” (that is, to be ever on the alert to do the right and decent thing, to guard against false trails and easy paths), “*To know His Will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly*” (Christ, Jim believed, had laid down the fundamental principles of life, and to work for good in any way would naturally mean Christ’s way).

And then, the *Toc H Prayer*, Jim invariably remained for the prayer, and often repeated it—“not,” as he confided to a particular friend, “as an appeal to an Almighty Being for help. I can’t do that. But simply to emphasise to myself the need for these things, to help me to a better realisation of the need for ‘living together in love and joy and peace,’ the futility of things unless *I* personally am prepared ‘to check bitterness and disown discouragement.’ It helps a chap no end constantly to remind himself of these fundamental needs.”

Together with a few others, Jim hived off from his unit to another part of the town and soon they had a dozen fellows around them. Jim was elected secretary and his enthusiasm was contagious. Those were wonderful days, those first two years of that new unit. Marvellous Guest-nights were held, when most present had to sit on the floor and some had to drink their tea out of basins. The little Group grew apace. Prodigious jobs were undertaken and successfully carried out and the family ship merrily ploughed its way, buffeted occasionally but riding each storm

as it appeared. Jim's knowledge of Toc H grew; the knowledge consequent upon the study of men's likes and dislikes, their idiosyncrasies; the study of human relationships. His knowledge of himself grew too, and many were the desperate fights he had to cure himself of much that was inherent in him. Small-mindedness, an inferiority complex, a natural urge to take the least line of resistance, snobbishness, were all spectres to be fought and conquered, and in the bitter lesson of humility he found strength. He was invited to become District Pilot but turned it down on the plea of no time. Actually he reasoned "I'd love to do it but as an unbeliever I couldn't do it *all* and it wouldn't be fair to Toc H. I can't do the job, for whilst it's all right for an agnostic to become a member of Toc H he couldn't possibly be a Pilot." A year later he was again approached and this time accepted the job 'on trial.' He soon realised he had failed. His vision of Toc H lacked something, the circle wasn't complete. 'Fellowship,' 'Service,' 'Fairmindedness'—these were things he could to an extent understand and follow, but 'the Kingdom of God' he couldn't understand. The Pilgrimage to Poperinghe was about due and he was prevailed upon to hold his hand until they returned.

The trip was eagerly looked forward to, but any suggestion that it would or could possibly affect his outlook on Religion or religious thought was treated with quiet disdain. Facts are facts, and by no reasoning or logic was it possible for Jim to visualise a God who would in any way be concerned with human relationships.

The journey out proved most interesting, with the visit to Dunkirk, the bus-ride down to Pop., passing through strange country the like Jim had never before seen; then Pop. with its quaint streets and houses. The Old House was immediately recognised but was bigger than Jim had imagined. It was all very strange and Jim felt out of place until a casual remark by one of the party to Madame, the charming Belgian steward brought the reply "Of course, if M'sieu wishes. This is your home." Memories of stories heard and read of the Old House flooded the mind and the strangeness of things disappeared. This was indeed "home."

The afternoon spent in touring the Salient was a time never to be forgotten. The view from Kemmel, the Pool of Peace, Mount Sorrel, Gilbert's grave at Sanctuary Wood, the awful solemnity of the Canadian Memorial at St. Julien, Tyne Cot, and the Menin Gate all had a message which Jim could understand. 'Man,' the materialist, had caused the terrible shambles of war; man had brought all the devastation and agony and death. To what end? Man-made ideas, man-made 'ideals'—and they asked their God to bless the guns! A man-made god built in the image of man, shaped and re-shaped to suit man's every mood. What a horrible farce! And if, perchance, there should be a God after all? How He must recoil from all the narrow, hypocritical cant and humbug with which man deceives himself! No, no, there is "*something*" behind nature, some unseen force which we cannot yet understand but which will be made known some day to the mind of man through its great scientists; but a "*Someone*"? Never!

And so back to the Old House where the Padre led the tour of inspection, and discovery. On reaching the Upper Landing, Jim was invited to take "Light." Never before had he realised the significance of those words, words which took on an added meaning consequent upon the last few hours, and the charge "Let your light

so shine" became more than ever the dedication of self to a selfless task . . . Then on to the Upper Room. Jim went with the rest, not so much to attend the short Service as out of curiosity born of an intense desire to see the Place where thousands of men found inspiration and help to carry on when everything else bade them give up. The Service proceeded and afterwards the party wended their way downstairs and so to bed. The Padre quietly motioned Jim to remain for a while and for the next half-hour or so they talked, just they two, in the Upper Room. For a fleeting moment Jim's hopes rose in expectation of the Padre's explaining where Jim had gone wrong in his reasoning but that moment soon passed and finally Jim too went his way downstairs, still the agnostic, perfectly sure in his own mind that he was right in his attitude towards religion.

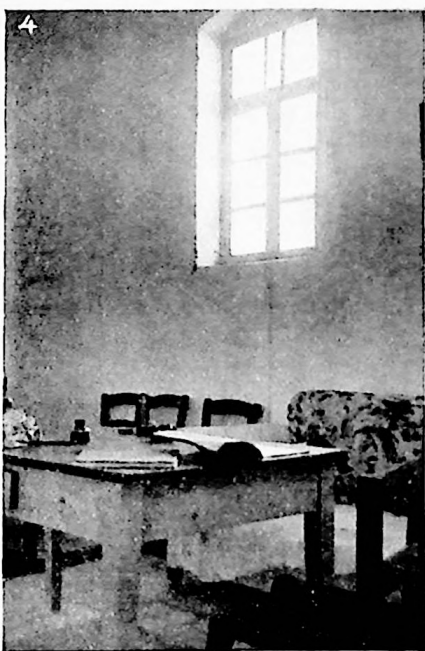
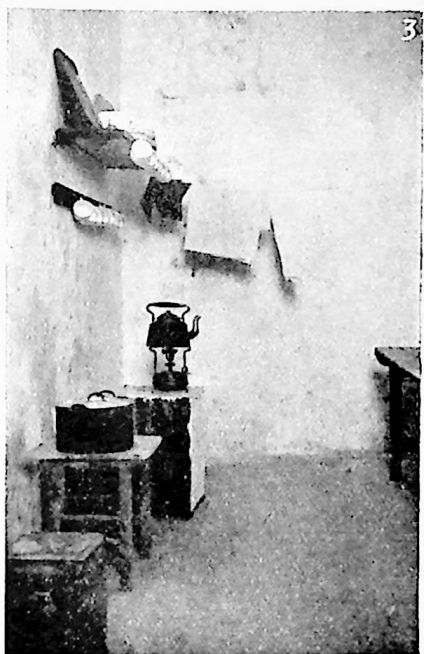
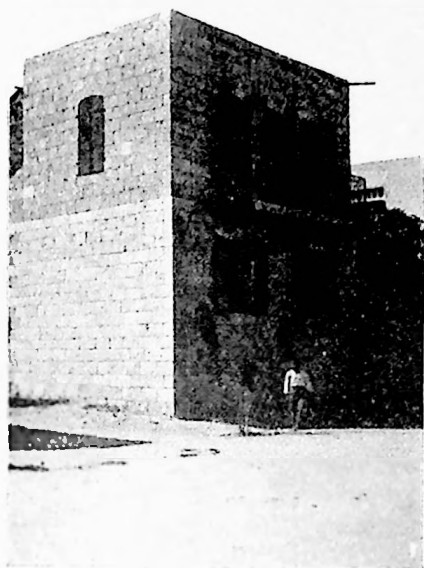
Whilst the party was at Celebration the next morning, Jim took a turn in the garden. It was a glorious morning and the world seemed at peace. "Toc H," he mused, "Yes, a perfectly marvellous show. There is the ground floor, Everyman's Club, with its parallel in Toc H to-day. There is the Chaplain's Room, with its *All Rank Abandon* and the parallel in our present day Probation period and Membership. . . . But what about the Upper Room? All right to find its parallel to-day amongst members who believe in God and all the rest of it, but what about us chaps—and there must be thousands of us? No, the circle of Toc H isn't yet complete for us." The Padre's words of the previous night kept repeating themselves, "You are quite right, Jim, so far as intellectual reasoning goes, but you must realise that the intellect is a part only of the make-up of man." . . . That's it. Just like 'jobs' in Toc H, they are only part of the method and alone would be no more Toc H than running a football team.

The morning was given over to a delightfully informal chat, the party lounging on the greensward of the garden. Toc H was discussed in the light of events of the day before and the effect of those events on the minds of the party. The Padre led the discussion and new avenues of thought and action were opened up. Jim sat entranced by it all but sorely troubled that he too couldn't see as the rest seemed to see. As a lover of beauty he felt he was losing something infinitely beautiful; as a seeker after truth he feared he was missing some fundamental truth. The discussion ended and the party adjourned to the Lounge for a sing-song, but Jim didn't want to sing. A terrible fight was going on inside him, his brain was seething with unsolved problems and he wanted to be alone to think. Slowly he climbed the stairs to the Upper Room and finding it empty went in.

After a while he knelt and, kneeling, prayed to the God of Tubby and Pat, of G— and of S—, the God in whom all these fellows believed. It was the outpouring of a soul which had at long last found relief, there in the Room in which so many others had too found relief. A wonderful Peace took possession of his whole being, he had completed the Circle of Toc H and it was good.

\* \* \* \*

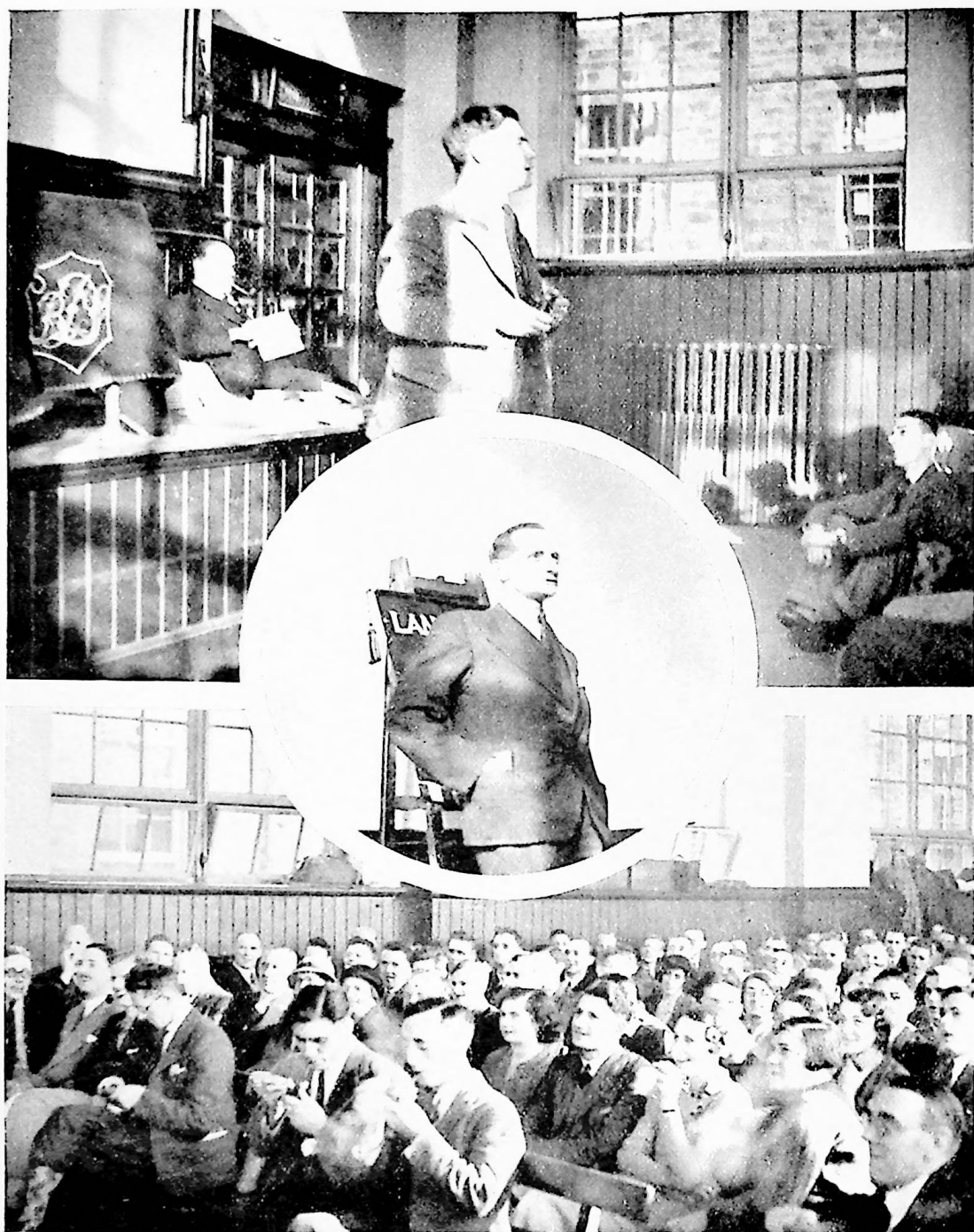
To-day? Jim is still "unattached" and seemingly will ever remain so. But, often when he is alone, tramping a country road or sitting at his fireside, he recaptures the atmosphere of that Upper Room with its Communion which brings the Peace that passeth understanding. The salt has not lost its savour. JIM.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE RAMLEH GROUP. (See page 431).

1. A part of the Group's house.
3. The Kitchen.

2. A corner of the Workshop.
4. The Common Room.



AT THE NORTH WESTERN AREA RALLY, OCTOBER 14.  
*Above:* Platform, Chairman and Speaker. *Below:* Audience.  
*Centre:* Jim Burford speaking.

## THE NORTH WESTERN AREA RALLY

On Saturday, October 13, crowds of husky young men, and a number of their staid elders, descended upon the ancient and somewhat somnolent town of Lancaster, and woke it up. It was on the whole quite pleased about its waking, though here and there a trifle dubious about the respectability of being hearty in public, where all the world might see and hear. For the first time in the history of the Area, its rally was this year held away from either Liverpool or Manchester. But the change was a good change, and the rally was a good rally. Arthur Howard described it as an average one, which in his sense it was, for he told at the same time a story whose point was that the average is very rarely attained.

Operations began, as far as visitors were concerned, with a Thanksgiving Service at 5 p.m. in the Priory Church, of which Ben Pollard is the Vicar and most massive ornament, closely supported by his Warden, the *svelte* Skipper Forrester. Here Bobs Ford, specially sent from London for the occasion, delighted and inspired his hearers with an address on "Vision." An inhabitant of Lancaster, not a member of Toc H, but a life-long church-goer, remarked after the service that never in his life had he heard such sincere and hearty singing from any congregation. The ceremony of 'Light,' also, made a deep impression on those Lancastrians to whom it was a new thing.

After the spirit—the flesh: high tea was held in the Police parade room in the basement of the Town Hall. Next came the Guest Night, for which the local branches had worked earnestly and with trepidation. Guests began with disapproval, politely concealed; they proceeded to toleration, and they ended in participation and complete harmony. A Masque, specially written for the occasion by Harold Hastings, was presented about the middle of the evening. This Masque was symbolical of the applicability of the principles of Toc H to the days of peace as well as to the days of war. It was well received by the audience, much to the relief of producer and actors. Now came the great

moment. In reality Jim Burford's talk lasted about half an hour, but to his listeners it was but a moment. Orators are, and rightly, suspect to the average man, who distrusts their uncanny power of swaying him where they list and he lists not; but there is nothing suspect about Jim. He speaks straight from the heart; and what a heart is his! Tales of boyhood, hymns and flowers, streams and mountains, passed in a visionary progress, culminating in the final inspiring poetry of the building of a new world out of the ruins of the old. Family prayers, under Arthur Howard, closed on a note of quiet.

And so to bed. Some two hundred stalwarts had been billeted in an up-to-date school building, kindly lent for the occasion by the local Education Authority. Their bedding was of the most luxurious character, but rumour has it that they did not all sleep very well. Perhaps the young people had had too exciting a day. The softer billets in the King's Arms and other similar hostleries appear to have functioned extremely well.

Sunday began with celebrations at 8 a.m. at various churches for different denominations. After breakfast, Cuthbert Bardsley held forth at the Priory Church, Arthur Howard at the Presbyterian, Gerry Harmer at Skerton, and Michael Coleman at Christ Church: altogether a very gallant show and a fine preachment. The Family Gathering happened at the Dallas Road Schools (where the stalwarts had or had not slept the previous night). As usually happens, this was, for old members of Toc H, the most enjoyable part of the whole proceedings. A succession of willing victims was put on exhibition; Arthur Lodge and Michael Coleman acting as Showmen. Some were shy and most were not, but all said gallantly what they had to say, if not always what they meant to say. From such a galaxy it would be invidious to make mention of some and omit others, but it must be put on record how pleased the gathering was to see again old friends like Edgar Barrow and the Warden of Bleak House. And so home. It was a good rally.



## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

*Here are reports on four pieces of service to children during the past summer. The first two were 'corporate jobs'—one by all the units of Toc H in a single county, the other by one Group; the third was the 'individual job' of one member; the fourth, initiated by Tubby, forms part of the big scheme for 'Tower Hill Improvement.'*

### 1.—The Gloucestershire "Kids Camp"

The 1934 "Kid's Camp," organised by Toc H in Gloucestershire, was held in Cirencester Park, by the kindness of Earl Bathurst, from August 11 to 22. Once again the organisers were greatly indebted to the Secondary Schools' Cadet Association for allowing them to take over the tentage and camp equipment after the Cadet camp ended. Thanks to most generous support from the people of Gloucestershire and several public bodies, it was possible this year to invite 320 boys between the ages of ten and twelve years, an increase of 100 on last year's effort. The estimated cost of this was £500, and this total was reached, and passed, by public appeals and personal effort on the part of all members of Toc H in the country.

#### Team Work

The boys this year came from the following districts:—South Wales, 75; Forest of Dean, 75; Cheltenham, 50; Gloucester, 40; Stroud, 20; and the remainder from other parts of Gloucestershire. Most of the campers were brought in private cars, and on arrival were medically examined: Dr. Morley, M.O.H. of Cheltenham, and Dr. Grey of Cirencester voluntarily undertook this arduous job. After inspection, the boys' clothes were packed away and they were given a camp kit consisting of khaki shirt and shorts, shoes, night-shirt and, where necessary, toothbrush and paste, etc. They were divided into eight groups of 40, each group having a distinctive colour which was sewn on to the shoulder of their shirts. Three leaders were in charge of each group. Many of these were Toc H members who gave up their holidays to this work; the remainder voluntary helpers, some of whom were undergraduates and some unemployed men; seven South Wales men came along with their little tribe.

A regular and busy routine, essential to the success of any well-run camp, was observed—Reveille at 7 a.m., followed by shirts off for washing parade; morning prayers, followed by breakfast at 8 a.m.; lines inspection—the subject of very keen competition—at 9.30 a.m.; then 'physical jerks,' admirably led by Captain James, to the benefit not only of boys but of staff; team games until lunch at 12.30; in the afternoon, bathing parades at the Cirencester Baths, or picnic teas, or cricket and football; after tea a concert in the big marquee, helped by many visiting concert parties, by the local Scouts and by a conjuror who had rather a nightmare time with his audience; then supper, evening prayers, and 'Lights Out' at 9 p.m., to close a day which was full of happiness but all too short. From 'Lights Out' to 'Reveille' a night duty staff took over: this was supplied by each unit of the Gloucester and Stroud Districts in turn.

On the two Sundays of camp a service was held in the afternoon, at which the Cirencester Brass Band played. On the last Saturday a 'County Treasure Hunt' in cars was organised, with the additional object of showing the boys the Cotswold country. Some car-owners took their load of boys out to tea afterwards: a typical comment from a Forest of Dean boy was 'Lumme, Mister, 'er didn't 'arf give us a good tea—'er paid ten an' fourpence, and they cakes was lovely.'

Letters were received in camp daily, and on two occasions postages were paid on all letters and postcards that boys wanted to send. Some of the messages despatched were marvellous, and it was a work of art on the part of the orderly staff to deliver some letters received, e.g., those addressed to "The Talkage Kids' Camp," starting with "Dear Tom," and ending with "Your loving

Mother," complete with postal order but no indication of the right recipient.

#### Four Features

Besides the bell and mess tents of the camp there were four very valuable special 'departments'. The first of these was the Hospital Tent, very ably staffed by day by lady members of the Cirencester Division of the Red Cross, and at night by men of the same Division. They were grateful for rather more casualties than last year, though none were really serious. A broken arm on the first afternoon was a good start: the small boy who owned it eventually became the pride of the camp and was duly promoted to 'Sergeant Major.'

Then, the Canteen contained all the materials of a first-class tuck-shop. Some boys were able to bring money with them, but others were not so lucky. The leaders collected all money brought by boys and handed it out as and when required, and through special contributions were able to give a certain amount of pocket-money to those who had none. It was very delightful to note the joy with which the boys bought small presents for their parents and brothers and sisters at home.

A third feature was the Staff Mess Tent and Canteen. This was greatly appreciated by the hard-worked staff when, their duties for the day over, they were able to meet there after 'Lights Out' for talk and discussion of to-day's and to-morrow's programme. Some of them got to bed before dawn!

Another very successful item was the Visitors' Mess Tent, organised by the

Cheltenham and Gloucester L.W.H., helped by a group of ladies from Cirencester. A great deal of work went on here, and at the end of the time more than £10 was handed over to the camp funds.

#### Contact

To sum up—the Kid's Camp not only achieved its prime object of giving a fine holiday to boys who, through unemployment at home or other evils, would otherwise have had none. It also gave Toc H the best introduction to many families, a contact which should bear fruit in the future. The selection of the boys for the camp rested in the hands of the County Medical Officer of Health and the Medical Officers of Cheltenham and Gloucester, who supplied names through their Health Visitors. But as soon as the invitation to a boy has been sent a Toc H member visits his home and makes personal contact with his family. The long process of collecting funds also brought Toc H in touch with many new friends, whom it is hoped to welcome later at meetings and guestnights.

The report ends: "One has only to attempt such an effort as this to appreciate the tremendous amount of love and kindness there is in the world on the one hand, and the trouble and difficulties there are on the other, but Cirencester Park during a fortnight in August showed all of us who were privileged to be there, and the many visitors who came along, what love *versus* trouble, and kindness *versus* difficulties can produce in the hearts and minds of three hundred and twenty little rascals."

## 2.—Hurst Castle—a Group's enterprise

Hurst Castle stands at the point of the narrow spit of land which runs out from the Hampshire coast and guards the entrance of the Solent; a mile of water separates it from the Western end of the Isle of Wight. The original castle, some of which remains, was part of the coast defences built by Henry VIII, and in it Charles I was for a short time imprisoned. It is, therefore, a 'national monument,' and is under the control of H.M.

Office of Works. A short distance away is Milford-on-Sea, with an active Toc H Group which includes among its members R. J. B. Clayton, Tubby's brother, formerly of Toc H Malaya. Led by him, the Group conceived the idea of a corporate job in fitting out a part of Hurst Castle for the use of boys on holiday, and running a series of camps there. There were certain difficulties about water supply and the safeguarding of the historic

Henry VIII keep from damage, but in April of this year Ronnie Grant, then at H.Q., took the matter up, on behalf of the Group, with the Office of Works, who met Toc H in the friendliest way over it. The place was ready for use this Summer and the following notes by R. J. B. Clayton will show that the scheme was justified:—

“It is thought that a brief account of Toc H’s first year of stewardship of the Eastern Wing of Hurst Castle may be of interest to those through whose goodwill and courtesy such stewardship was made possible. As soon as permission for occupation was given the local (Milford-on-Sea) Group started work on cleaning up, tidying and mending. The fallen door of the old Castle was replaced and the ladder leading to the roof removed so as to cut off all danger of interference with the historic Castle; the water supply was tested and the pumps put in order, the latrines were repaired and the sump and flow-pipe to the sea cleared. Two barrack rooms were cleaned out and bedding provided for a party of about twenty. Interest

spread as far as Bristol, and a firm in Bristol presented a boat. In the latter half of July a party of Rovers came to assist, and did further cleaning up and mending of roofs, and at the beginning of August three parties, Rovers, Scouts and Sea-Scouts took possession. In the middle of August a party of 140 lads from the Wallingford Farm Training Colony, Benson, Oxford (*of which Ronnie Grant is Warden*), were installed. Of these, many were convalescents and many had never seen the sea before. In all, rather over 200 lads used the camp, many of whom would not otherwise have had a holiday.

There was no *contretemps* of any sort, and the camp was throughout an unqualified success. Now closed for the winter the place has been left in really good order, and ready for next year, complete with gear and bedding for 150. The boat is laid up for the winter in one of the embrasures. The whole of the accommodation is already booked for August 1935, and it is probable that parties will also camp there at Easter, and in June and July.”

### 3.—The Camp Ship—a Dutch member’s job

*The following comes from C. L. ORANJE* (‘Orange’), *Secretary of Amsterdam Group*.

Although we as Toc H members should always be on the lookout for those who need us, it rarely occurs that we see our job clearly before us. This happened to me, however, when early this year I was at Bilthoven in the interior of Holland and had a talk with Kees Boeke, the leader of the *werkplaats* (workshop) of the Children’s Fellowship there.

#### The ‘Workshop’

The “workshop” is a progressive institution for individual tuition and is situated in picturesque surroundings where stately pine-woods overshadow beautiful green pastures. The pupils range in age from 8 to 17 years and represent all classes of society. Not only do they receive tuition in subjects of general education, but also in practical handiwork, such as carpentry, cooking, etc. Sports and physical culture in the open air make up a good part of the curriculum. One of the

methods of cultivating fellowship among the children and at the same time of giving them object-lessons is to take the whole of the scholars once a year for a fortnight’s camp in the woods or moors. One occasion they spent a number of days in a loft in one of the big cities. One of the ideals of Boeke and his helpers for a long time was to get away for a time with a *real* ship; to roam over the inland waterways of Holland, to see the countryside as well as the villages and towns from the water—as they should really be seen. How could this ideal be realised? Where was a suitable ship? What would it cost? Where was the money to come from? Just as many difficulties as questions!

And here was I one morning motoring to Bilthoven entirely unaware of all these dreams of Boeke and his children, but carrying with me a definite plan for a *Camp-Ship* which I had already thought out and organised; in fact I was already busy fitting out the ship (see August JOURNAL—Contin-

tal News) and was conversant with all the costs, e.g., wages, insurance, fuel, oil, harbour dues, food, etc. No wonder that when Boeke introduced me to his helpers and pupils they showed great interest as they learned their dreams were now likely to come true. Their gleaming faces were a real picture when we walked through the schoolrooms.

### A 'Job'

But, to be quite frank, I had not come to Bilkoven as benefactor. Adverse winds and high seas in my personal life have driven me on a lee shore and I have to carry all the canvas I can to reach deep water again. So this camp-ship of mine was, and is, intended as a business-proposition. When we came down to business and compared the costs with the amount available, it appeared instantly that the trip was off. (It should here be mentioned that this school is maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions; all the teachers and helpers give their services voluntarily). The difference was so great that Boeke immediately gave up this idea, as there was no possible means of filling up the gap. In my mind I could see the faces of all these children grow gloomy and I resolved to do everything I could to let the cruise go forward. *Here was my chance to carry out a Toc H job.* To cut a long story short: by exclusion of all financial profit and at the same time acting myself in a voluntary capacity as captain, it was possible to bring the cost within the means available.

Thus I had the satisfaction, on June 12, of taking our ship out of Utrecht with 36 boys and girls and four teachers on board. The ship is named *Prins Hendrik* and is an auxiliary sailing vessel of 67 tons burden, 80 feet long, 18 feet beam and 5 feet mean draft. She has a motor of 25 h.p., and having been formerly used as a training-ship, she has very roomy accommodation down below. We only had a skeleton crew consisting of a steersman, a motor attendant and myself, but we agreed that the pupils should assist with the different jobs which required attention. This they did in very good fashion.

The daily life on board was similar to camping. Each had his or her own bedding and feeding utensils. Half of the "campers" slept down below, the other half on deck under waterproof awnings with sidescreens. Cooking, washing-up and table-setting was done by the pupils themselves. There was a weekly wash-day for clothes; in the mornings and evenings ablution benches were rigged up. Swimming was part of the daily programme as well as steering, rowing, chart-reading and keeping a diary of the daily happenings. The older girls supervised the younger ones and it was interesting to watch them showing the youngsters how to make their beds and dress themselves. Also the motherly instinct showed itself clearly when the older girls put the younger ones to bed at an early hour in the evening. The principal periods of the day were the meal-times, when we all, campers and crew, sat together round the big table in the cabin. These were the occasions for telling yarns and singing songs. Yes, the singing was really beautiful. There was a small organ on board and a couple of violins and the children sang with trained voices song after song with real feeling. The atmosphere on board was that of a large well-ordered family, and never in my life have I seen such a group of big and small children together where mutual respect and a self-sacrificing spirit were so predominant as in this Children's Fellowship.

### The Voyage

We came down the big rivers, covering distances of 30 to 40 miles per day, dropping anchor on the way at places of interest. At nightfall a sheltered berth was always looked for, so that a good night's rest could be ensured. After cruising through Zealand and the estuaries of the Scheldt, where seals and porpoises played round our ship, we paid a visit to Ghent in Belgium, giving the children the treat of seeing a foreign country and the "sensation" of passing over the frontier. One afternoon we had on board, as guests, a group of Belgian school children. From Ghent in the South we journeyed North, visiting Dordecht and Rotterdam, with their big bridges, imposing harbour-works and

huge liners. From there we shaped our course through the low-lying district of West-Holland, where a man sails with his ship several yards above the land level and sees the picturesque farmhouses and herds of cattle in the hollow. Then through the beautiful lakes with delicious swimming, we passed on to Leiden and Haarlem, and further north to Ymuiden, where we saw an enormous British steamer entering through the largest locks in the world, *en route* to Amsterdam. Through the North Sea Canal we proceeded to our capital city of Amsterdam, where we visited the Ford Factory and saw the interior of an East India liner. From here we returned to Utrecht (near Bilthoven) where we arrived on July 3, after three weeks of splendid outdoor

life, sunburnt and feeling in excellent form and without having had the slightest mishap.

These children have acquired much valuable knowledge and experience in an original and agreeable manner; they have studied the geography of their native land in a unique way; they are all efficient rowers and swimmers; they have studied the charts and maps, steered the ship, and for the rest of their lives they will always know what *port* and *starboard* means.

While "seeking for no reward," a Toc H member is human enough to long for love in return, and I encountered so much friendship from all participants, big and small, that those three weeks will always remain to me a most pleasant memory.

#### 4.—The Children's Beach, Tower of London

The picturesque opening of the "Children's Beach" on the foreshore in front of the Tower of London, the first of Tubby's varied projects for the restoration of Tower Hill to be realised, was described in the August JOURNAL. Tower Hill Improvement, the body responsible for the maintenance of the Beach, present this report of their first season:—

"With the passing of Summer Time, the Council for Tower Hill Improvement now report that the Children's Beach will be closed until next Season.

"Since the Beach was formally dedicated by the Bishop of London on July 23, the attendance on the Beach has averaged 1,000 per day. The largest single attendance was 5,000 on the first day of the School Summer Holidays, when the children appeared for the first tide in the morning and waited on Tower Wharf for Low Tide in the evening.

"In addition to the Waterguard and Beachguard provided by the Council, the Metropolitan and River Police have included the Beach in their Patrol; so that adequate supervision is ensured at all times. The Royal Humane Society has also provided apparatus against any emergency. The anxiety of parents near Thames Side for the safety of their children has been allayed by the provision of this beach. This is borne out by

reports from the River Police that the Tower Beach has drawn children from other unguarded parts of the River. On Tower Beach itself there have been no accidents, and any minor cuts and bruises have been dealt with by the attendants.

"In some quarters it was held that the River water could not be healthy for bathing. This has been negated by the report of the Medical Officer of Health for Stepney, who visited the Beach and reported that it could not fail to benefit the health of the children.

"Owing to the large attendance it has been found necessary to provide extra public conveniences, and the Stepney Borough Council are now considering this matter with a view to having such facilities ready for 1935. The Metropolitan Cattle Trough & Drinking Fountain Association has kindly consented to install a drinking fountain, and is collaborating in this matter with the Stepney Borough Council.

"The Council for Tower Hill Improvement feel that, while the Beach was in the nature of an experiment, it has now been proved of real benefit to the children of the neighbourhood, and that, with the suggested improvements, should next year still further prove its worth to this crowded East End and Riverside population."

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## HOLIDAYS FOR THE BLIND

*It is some years ago now that certain London units began to do a job for the blind, through the Servers of the Blind League, and the job has now spread far afield. The following report of this year's progress has reached us from the Chairman of the League's Executive Committee, Major the Hon. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER. Toc H members wishing to help should get in touch with J. C. Cox, Langford, 6, Grange Gardens, Pinner, Middlesex.*

"We never had such a holiday in our lives." "Please thank Toc H for the best holiday we have ever had." Such is the tenor of the letters the Servers of the Blind League have had from those blind people and guides who have been away under the Holiday Scheme this summer. And so we are most grateful for a little space in the JOURNAL in order to pass on these messages to all those Toc H members who have contributed in any way towards our Scheme for giving holidays to the blind. As a result of the special appeal for offers of hospitality in this connection, made by Mr. J. C. Cox of Pinner, referred to in the March issue of the JOURNAL, 161 blind people and their guides were given a week's holiday this year. This is an increase of 75 on last year's numbers. No less than 45 Units took part in the Scheme, representing the following Areas:—West Midlands, South Western, Eastern, Yorkshire, Southern, South Eastern and East Midlands, and the fortunate guests travelled as far afield as Goole, Holyhead, Kingsbridge, the Isle of Wight, Ramsgate and Felixstowe.

The holidays given varied from a party of four camping in a hut under Toc H supervision, which we hear was a great success, to a visit in a private house about which we hear that "the lady with whom we are staying is very kind and obliging, and altogether if we were people of consequence we could not be better looked after. We have been having a fine time down here, literally being 'killed by kindness'; taken out for long rides in cars and out to tea etc., we shall not

want to come home! The members of the local Toc H seem as if they can't do enough for us."

In another instance we are told on his return that "it is the first holiday George has ever had. There is only one fault, they treated him too well, and I am the victim, for he has not ceased talking about it." We wish that space would permit us to quote from many other letters in the same strain, but the following extract is typical and very illuminating:—"We had a most glorious time, both as to weather and hospitality, they were all just splendid people and could not do enough for us—Mr. and Mrs. A, our host and hostess, in particular, and we have formed friendships that will in all probability be of lifelong duration."

We would like, on behalf of our blind members and guides, to thank here all Toc H Units who took part in the Scheme, but having had it so deeply instilled into us that Toc H does not want thanks, we will not venture to say anything so personal, but we are indeed grateful for all the hospitality given and kindness shown to our blind people. To Mr. Cox, the Toc H member who so kindly undertook to make the Scheme known to new Units, and who was responsible for all the preliminary arrangements, our gratitude is unbounded, and we hope that he will feel that the great increase in the number of holidays given this year is some recompense for his time and trouble in connection with the Scheme.

C. W. LOWTHER.

### The Shining Hour

TEACHER: What is a therm?

BOY: A microbe that gets into the gas meter and causes galloping consumption.

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER: What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?

BOY: The Derby and the Grand National.

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER: What is a volcano?

BOY: A mountain with a hole in the top, and if you look down you can sometimes see the Creator smoking.

# THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

## From Australia

NO "Traveller's Tale" has reached us this month from 'Regron,' our embassy from home to Australia, but here are a few notes on their progress. These last few months the 'Regron' trio has been kept very busy in different spheres. Since June it has not been able to meet as one team. Ronald Wraith has been in Queensland, grappling manfully with the problems that scattered area presents to him. Two months there are being followed by another turn in New South Wales, for he is to devote next year to these two Areas. 'Greeno' has been in Victoria, is now in South Australia, and spends November in Tasmania. He has been having a busy time with District, Branch and Group officers. News of Victoria is good; some new and splendid work goes forward there. Rex Calkin has travelled a second time to Brisbane, Melbourne and then to Perth. Australian Headquarters are in Adelaide and he is acting as Australian Commissioner until he leaves in December.

The new Australian Executive took over its duties in August. In addition to the Australian Commissioner, it consists of the following:—Hon. Area Commissioners: F. O. Chilton (acting, *New South Wales*); J. C. Arkell (*Queensland*); R. K. Wood

(*South Australia*); Geo. Record (*Tasmania*); C. H. Brock (*Victoria*) and F. J. Huelin (*Western Australia*); Hon. Treasurer: J. H. Hammond (*Adelaide*); Convenor of the Australian Guard of the Lamp: D. M. Cleland (*Perth*).

A new and almost uniform Constitution for the Areas is nearing approval. Each of the Areas is electing half its Area Executive, the other half being men selected by the Area Commissioner and appointed by the Australian Executive. There is much activity at the various Headquarters, for it is on November 1 that the new Area Executive start their first year of office, and all members, Groups and Branches become part of the one Association, "Toc H the World." Evidence of good team-work is apparent in the strengthening of the District method where the distances between units allow. Some members are busy saving, for they have hopes of seeing the Old Country in 1936. There have been Festivals in Adelaide and Perth, and Tasmanian members rally in Hobart on November 3. Guestnights and conferences, service and services, reading and thinking—there is much doing and much to be done in the building of this young fellowship of Toc H in Australia.

## From the U.S.A.

Good news from the United States of America comes wrapped up in the once defunct news sheet *The Sign*. Edited at Rock Point by Padre Jim Hubbard it makes a welcome reappearance after the silence of a year. This report is taken liberally from this typewritten contemporary of ours to which we send our wishes for a long life.

First about Jim Hubbard, who, as the JOURNAL reported in July this year, has set up a Community of Toc H men at Rock Point; here is his report: "From January, when three of us came to Rock Point, to September, we have had a total of twenty-five men

working with us for two days or more, making an equivalent of one man for 1,843 days, or over five years. This number has included four ministers or Seminary students. During the period, Toc H has provided ministers or lay readers to preach or conduct forty-one services in the Diocese, added to which the work put in at Sir Wilfred Grenfell's establishments, such as Dog Team Tavern, brings the number up to seventy-four. Two men have been put at the disposal of the Minister at the Mission Farm to help with his wooding, haying, corn-cutting, and so on. He has been provided with the equiva-

lent of one man for 112 days at no cost to him even for their keep."

One of the busiest months for the team was July, before the Fourth Annual Young People's Conference, which was held from August 6 to 16. In preparation for this ten days wood had to be cut and hauled in sufficient quantities to keep two large hot water heaters and two huge stoves running continuously. Many tons of sand and gravel were dug, carted and spread on the long road that leads to Rock Point. In the middle of this work the hay crop needed gathering, so road tools were downed and the insignia of husbandmen assumed. Eventually one hundred and twenty young people arrived for the Conference, coming mostly from the North-Eastern States. They all slept at the Toc H house in the charge of the members there. Each day began with a Celebration of Holy Communion, breakfast was followed by Bible Study and modern questions in the light of Bible teaching, such as "Christ and Japan," "Faith and Moral Problems." So the day went on with intercession services and Church music classes until the last act of the day, the Sunset service, which was held in a spot overlooking Lake Champlain, flanked by the rugged and purple Adirondacks.

*Washington* has fathered with pride a new Group on Columbia Heights, Coleman Jennings handing them a Rushlight in June. One feature of that meeting was a review of the progress of the team of men who were responsible for the new Group. One member

retailed all their accomplishments and lauded their successes until it was the turn of the "Devil's Advocate" who probed their weaknesses and failings; then, with this summary before them, the Group applied themselves to the consideration of their future. The Mark in Washington did not close down for the Summer this year, as it has done in the past; iced tea and home-made cakes kept the members mind from the almost unbearable heat. Hospital Libraries, Big Brother work, Rover Scouting, and visiting the Hospital for Incurables, have continued throughout this trying time. The Mark is full: Washington has set itself to its task.

The *Manhattan* Group has been quite active in spite of the tropical summer and the slipping away to the hills of some of its members. Without any formal programme, members met week by week to discuss the winter season and the finding of a corporate job, and in what way Toc H can become more vital in the life of America to-day.

Summer weather did not cause the closing down of the *Boston* Group either, contrary to the practice of previous years. Jobs were carried on and meetings well attended. Visiting at the State Hospital was freely indulged in, to the great content of the inmates, most of whom have no relatives near.

The experience of the little Toc H team at Rock Point was that "Men came for a week and stayed two; others registered for a month and stayed all the summer." May that spirit continue to permeate the whole of Toc H in the U.S.A.!

### From Palestine

SOME pictures of the Toc H 'House' at *Ramleh* appear on Plate XXXVII. A member, writing home in late September, reports that the Group now consists of 13 members and 7 probationers: its mainstay is the R.A.F. stationed there. He says, "To be as pessimistic as I can, I do not think that Toc H will ever 'fall through' here; we are getting much too well known on account of jobs that are really useful and of benefit to others for that to happen." The achievement of a house of their own has been a great venture.

It is an old Arab building of queer shape (part only of it is shown in Plate XXXVII, No. 1), built in patches over a period of several centuries. Its walls are very solid, 18 inches thick, and "the verandah safe for half a dozen blokes to jump on." "When you look at the photos," says our correspondent, "will you try to bear in mind that when first we went in there, there was not a stick of furniture and the only place to sit on was the floor. Also the whole place was very dirty, the whitewash was falling off the walls

and ceiling, and to crown the lot there was a smell all over it which can best be described as 'unwashed Arab.' Now we have white-wash on the ceilings, the walls are colour-washed and painted, the stairs are now safe to walk up; we possess 26 chairs, all of 'em sit-on-able, a settee which seats four and

which will carry two more on the arms, four tables and many kitchen utensils necessary for the making of tea or, for that matter, for providing a jolly good dinner for visitors—ask *Haija*." For much of the furniture the Group is indebted to the treasurer of Toc H Jerusalem.

### From Ceylon

AFTER a five-day visit to Ceylon, marked by extraordinary enthusiasm on the part of all sections of the community, the Duke of Gloucester left the island on September 24 (as the *Ceylon Independent* puts it in a huge headline) "amidst dazzling stir." His final afternoon brought him in close touch with the big job of Toc H Colombo, among native street boys. As President of the National Association of Boys' Clubs of Great Britain he visited the Toc H Slave Island Boys' Club, which is affiliated to the N.A.B.C. It was a delightfully informal call at the Club premises at Ambawatta Mills. The Duke was received at the entrance by that redoubtable member, Sir Herbert Dowbiggin, President of the Club, Alec Gammon, Secretary of Colombo Branch, E. S. Bodger, Jobmaster, J. A. Tarbet, Vice-Patron, and a Guard of Honour of the 17th Colombo (Toc H) troop of Scouts. He walked briskly to the Club house by the lakeside, all lit with red, white and blue electric lamps, and there was met by R. C. Kerr, who is in charge of the 'Junior Section' of the Club. He saw three classes at work and was especially amused and interested by the Nature Study class; he spent

some time in tracing, through a series of photographs, the growth of the Club from its twelve members in 1927 to the present membership of 40 Juniors and 15 Seniors. He was then treated to what the *Ceylon Independent* describes as "a miniature Perahera" on the brilliantly lighted lawn. What this implies can be gathered from the newspaper report:—"To the strains of *heevisi*, rendered with almost professional skill, a miniature "Perahera" then advanced, from the rear of the Club, complete with fire ball manipulators, 'Lee keli' players, 'Kandyan' dancers and three 'Elephants' (all "tuskers") one of which bore a "relic," an 'Adigar' in full dress with his umbrella bearer, etc. Having made a circuit of the tennis court, the 'perahera' came to a halt and was "inspected" by His Highness, who showed obvious signs of merriment, especially at the composition of the 'elephants.' The lads who took part in the 'Perahera' were drawn from the Toc H Boys' Club (17th Colombo troop), Pettah Street Boys' Club (25th Colombo troop) and the W.C.T.U. (9th Colombo Group) of Boy Scouts." His visit ended with a boxing display by the twelve Street Boys' Clubs.

### From New Zealand

We pluck news of our family in New Zealand from the September number of the *Ventilator*. It seems they tackle strong meat of all kinds, and the following reference to Herbert Leggate is a little gruesome. "Know ye all men by these present, that from the beginning of September and until the end of the year we shall be dining off large slices of Herbert. Knowing our cannibal propensities, he has deferred to local usage, and for this occasion only has consented to be the *piece de resistance*." The English family will be

glad to know the slices are going down well.

This is also another tough proposition. It refers to the Christchurch Branch. "One of our recent meetings provided worth while discussions from which practical results are now being put into operation. 'The Unemployed: How Toc H can best help them' —'How to spread Toc H'—'Toc H and the Orphanages,' etc., etc. The practical result, apart from the knowledge obtained, is that the Branch now stands in *loco parentis* to an orphan boy. One of the family has

been appointed our representative to regulate our visits, gifts and activities in connection with 'our son.'

Lastly, these two short paragraphs about "Membership" show that Toc H New Zealand are alive to the dangers of family growth. For us at home they are worth repeating: "The new handbook, *Rules of the Road*, reminds us that a man becomes a member by the vote of the committee of his Branch or Group—not at his initiation. In his application the candidate asks to be made a member, and promises to serve: he offers special times and qualifications for service. Then after trying him out the family says 'Yes' to his request. The essence of

the process lies in those two quiet and free decisions—his and ours. If we keep this fact in mind we ought to see—and to show—more faithfulness and continuity and less emotional ebb and flow in our Toc H life.

Another much need reminder is that this would-be member must be proposed and seconded by two members *who know him personally and intimately* and who declare from their certain knowledge and judgment that he is the sort of person the family should adopt as a member. After all, a member is literally a limb, and a limb must be joined to the body by living tissue, joints and articulations—in that case the existent members who are nearer to the heart of the family."

### From Hong Kong

A picture of a very "Lone" Unit meeting reaches us from W. C. Clark of *Hong Kong*: it has the authentic touch of home:—"Picture a crowd of mostly young fellows, some drawn from offices, some from the Army and the Navy; the air thick with cheery greetings and humorous nick-names; the majority wearing a black tie with gold and silver stripe; most of them in little groups, seriously but cheerfully discussing the pros and cons of some 'job'; a seemingly complete lack of organisation—yet, with things somehow sorting themselves out. Picture this, and you would feel that you were seeing the early stages of a school re-union dinner with all the stiff and heavy crowd left out of the list of invitations. Something like this happens twice each week at Crawford's, when Toc H foregathers. A steak-and-kidney-pie dinner follows and, though it may weigh heavily on the mind (and other parts) of some of the older guests, it appears to be dissipated like a cream puff by this voracious crew.

Afterwards, if the piano has recovered from its last week's pounding, "O Rogerum" and other similar lowbrow songs prevent the (we trust not too observant) guest from noticing the crashes of crockery as the 'boys' clear away the dining table ready for the serious part of the meeting.

At a signal from the Chairman there is silence, the lights go out one by one and the

Light of Remembrance is lit. We are all brought up with a jerk. Toc H is a club of right-minded young men, but it is more than a club; it is the heritage from our Elder Brethren who have gone before.

Our guest is introduced—our friend, the Bishop. He tells us of his experiences among the lepers in China; as his tale unfolds we are all of us seeking in our own hearts, realising how far short we fall of this simple man, who, in a manner just as simple and straightforward as he is himself, tells of the suffering and the persecution of these poor men and women. Can Toc H help, we wonder; this is surely a job for medicals alone, we argue in our hearts, but we know that Toc H in Calcutta (and Singapore) have faced up to the question and said Toc H will help—and they have. Toc H in Hongkong, if a leper colony is established within easy reach, must help as their brothers in other places have done. The Bishop goes. "Don't get up for me," he says to the assembled crowd, who, however, with more serious faces than before his talk, are all standing up to wish him "Goodnight."

Now for the Jobmaster's innings. A fellow in hospital without friends has to be visited and cheered. Something else—the padre, Harry Baines, appeals to fellows to beg, borrow or steal socks, shirts, collars and ties for disposal to soldiers discharged from

prison to make the homeward journey on a P. & O. liner with only a civilian suit to cover themselves. Volunteers are forthcoming.

Any 'grouses' can now be aired; there is usually a humourist whose star now shines. The grouses are promised attention according to their merits. Time is getting short and apparently someone thinks that is all we can do for to-night, so we prepare to close. Again lights. The Padre leads prayers. No muttering here, the prayers are known and

they are understood by these men who, though not very "churchy," would strongly oppose any movement which would render this moment less reverent. We close with family prayers and that other splendid prayer—"Teach us, Good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deserve'st, to give and not to count the cost . . .," Big things to say. We all realise how hard it is to live up to this standard. But we are trying. The lights come on again; we turn to the fellow who is "going our way," and so to our homes.

### *The Home Areas :* From the Northern Area

Our last despatch (November, 1933!) commented on the departure of our then Area Padre who was returning to Church work. It is fitting, therefore, that this despatch should begin with the arrival of a successor. Allan Bostock reported for duty as Padre of the Northern Area at the beginning of October. He is not a stranger to the Area, as some few years ago he was Branch Padre at Middlesbrough, and he is certainly not a stranger to Toc H but a Foundation Member who knew and loved the Old House. Padre Bostock has already met some of our units and it is obvious that he is in for a good innings. The North may take its time, but, by gum, a real Northern welcome is something to write home about, and the North is welcoming Allan.

The limits of the Area were reduced in April by the hiving off of Cumberland. It was a wrench to say *au revoir* to our Cumbrian friends, but our loss is very definitely the Lakeland Division's gain. The advantage of a geographically smaller area is in the more intimate relationships that are now possible for Staff, both with individual members and with units.

Whether this is the reason one does not know, but it is true that a change has come over the Area as it now exists. For what now seems a very long period, the Area appeared to be just hanging on. There seemed to be no progress. Economic conditions were largely responsible, but so also were poorly

mixed units. Several units were lacking in articulate leadership in addition to being ill-balanced both in class and creed. Quite suddenly the Area began to change. Membership generally reached up to a higher standard. More training was demanded and a better understanding of the challenge of Toc H. Units began to develop and build. In some cases new units are either definitely contemplated or have been started. In others, units are all out to make their membership as mixed as possible and truly representative of their respective communities.

A start has been made in the Durham Coal Fields and further extension is now being tackled. If present intentions develop, the number of units on Tyneside should rapidly increase. Perhaps one of the most significant developments is with District Committees, most of which are striving for a better standard all round and are giving leadership to their units.

The reason for all this is not entirely because economic conditions have slightly improved. Neither is it due to pressure to increase the number of units. Rather is it an expression of a deep conviction that in the principles of Toc H lie the solution of many perplexing problems—personal and corporate—and that these can be worked out by a true understanding of the one word summary of the two great Commandments—Fellowship.

P. H. K.



## From the four London Areas

In December, seven new Lamps for London will be brought home from the Regional Lamp-lighting Festival in Leicester. This is how they will be divided among the four London Areas on their return:—NORTH: *Crouch End, Grange Park and Tottenham*; EAST: *Dagenham*; SOUTH: *Sutton and West Wickham*; WEST: *East Molesey*.

In the space of lesser Festivals in that month there will be four events in London. The Area Birthday Festivals, one in each corner of London, will do a lot to help each still callow Area to feel something of its own personality. Two of these will happen on Saturday, December 1st. At the York Hall, Bethnal Green Baths, will be gathered the East London Area and the L.W.H., and their guests, after a Thanksgiving Service for members at All Hallows. The Southern London people will have their Thanksgiving at St. James', Hatcham, where Alex Birkmire is to preach, and later a Festival Evening at the Goldsmiths' College, Great Hall. A production of "The Child in Flanders," and some worth-while singing and music will give an opportunity for artists within the Area and from outside to play their part, and Owen Watkins will be the speaker for the evening. Later in the month there will be "stag-parties" in the other two Areas; Guestnights for Toc H members, probationers and male guests; for Northern London on Thursday, December 13th, at the Prince of Wales' Road Baths, Kentish Town, where Owen Watkins will speak; for Western London on Saturday, December 15th, at the Lime Grove Baths, Hammer-smith, with Jim Burford as speaker.\*

### Eastern London Area

This dispatch must go on to give a little detailed news of each Area in turn. To start with the EAST: here is a communication about the "Southend Week-end"—an occasion when all members of district committees in the Area are invited to spend a Saturday night with members of the Southend Branch,

devoting the rest of the week-end to discussions and "getting to know each other" at their meals together in a hall nearby. "Whatever the intelligentsia may say about it, people do *enjoy* themselves at Southend. We certainly did. Some 50 of us, all members of East London District Teams, dwelt there for a week-end (for the eighth consecutive year) and tried to visualise our winter's work. We had two main concerns: Jobmastery and bringing in new friends. District Jobmasters are planning their winter's work and units are selecting their trainees. By the third week in October we shall be under weigh and trainees in the various Districts will spend six months meeting experts, finding out why and how they do their jobs, studying local conditions and gaining local knowledge. The aim of the course is not that every man who takes it should become an expert in all the many branches of 'Social Service' but that he should know the local experts, know where information is to be found and be able to use his knowledge to the full when he becomes Jobmaster. 'A Toc H that does not develop is not the real Toc H. A Toc H that does not grow is a contradiction in terms,' said Bobs Ford at the week-end. We spent a session thinking about this—extension within existing units and new growth to be guided by the District Teams, and resolved to do our bit in welcoming new friends."

### Northern London Area

In NORTHERN London there is an effort to do something about *singing*. Men with voices, or experience, or even would-be singers, are going to get together and see what they can do together. If all goes well, some of them will appear for the first time "publicly" at the Area Festival Guestnight in December. Also the Berlin College of Music-Singers were welcomed at a recent District Guestnight, and their visit created a great impression. On the administrative

\* For the benefit of the Provincial reader we note that the London members do not meet in Baths at this time for the usual purposes. They are not a 'wet' crowd.—ED.



side, an attempt is being made to forge a closer link between District teams and the Area Executive. District teams will report on various aspects of their work at each Area Executive meeting, and the Area Chairman is visiting all District team meetings. 'Groping' is in progress at Whitchurch, Finsbury Park and Tufnell Park.

#### Western London Area

In WESTERN London, Bobs Ford is beginning his work of special training (about which more later), which means that he is following up his own work in previous months as Area Padre. The line of attack takes the form of a course of special training for District Team men. Bobs has pointed out that if this training is to be worth while a certain amount of present responsibility and efficiency may have to be temporarily sacrificed. Men coming into the scheme are being asked to regard it as an opportunity to increase their own equipment and service-ability to the family. There has been a change in the Chairmanship of the Area, Bill Cain succeeding Bill Berry in this office. Different methods of working are being tried, the Executive being divided into four 'teams,' each with special responsibilities. Most of the real work of the Executive will be done by one or other of these teams, who thus will come together more intimately and be able to function more quickly and effectively than under the old system. A new Group has been sanctioned at *New Malden*, and there are hopes of another in North Battersea.

#### Southern London Area

SOUTHERN London, during the past summer, have been running week-end camps of Districts, Branches and Groups, Branches *plus* bunches of unemployed men, etc., at an Area Camp site at Bromley Common. A piece of ground has been lent by Mr. A. C. Norman, thirty pounds was borrowed for the purchase of equipment, and half of this has been paid back (at a shilling a time for a week-end). This has provided great opportunities for meeting informally during the summer, and next year may see greater use

of these week-ends. About fifteen men spent a summer week-end with managers of the Oxford and Bermondsey Club, seeing the work of the clubs, and considering what should be done to help, as so many leaders of Toc H have come from the clubs in Bermondsey (e.g., Alec Paterson, Barkis, Hubert Secretan, Leslie Wood, etc.), while not enough others have gone back to replace their leadership. No great results have come from this week-end yet, but there are signs that the clubs are going to be reinforced a little quite soon. Several districts are dividing themselves into more convenient shapes, the Wandle District having been born out of Croydon District, while one half of the Dover Road District is shortly to become the Shooters Hill District. To start off the winter, District Secretaries spent a rather informal week-end together in Tubby's cottage at Bishops Stortford.

#### Staff Changes

The next "quarterly list" of addresses and things will show what changes there have been in the whole-time staff of London. NORTHERN London have welcomed Padre F. N. Robathan as Area Padre, David Wallace now having his whole time available for EAST London. In WESTERN London, Padre A. F. Watts has come in the place of Bobs Ford, who has started his "training" work. SOUTHERN London, who have no Area Padre until March, 1935, are looking forward to having Gilbert Williams with them then. But with all these changes, some concerns of London life go steadily on. The London Sports Club has opened its new season with three soccer elevens and five XV's at Rugger. The London Entertainments Committee have set on foot a scheme of giving anyone in each of the Areas who is keen on the drama an opportunity of taking a share in the production of some one-act plays. There will be more news of this later. In the meantime there will be productions of Wilhelm Meyer-Forster's "*Old Heidelberg*" at the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells Theatres on November 27 and 28 respectively.